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The BYSTANDER

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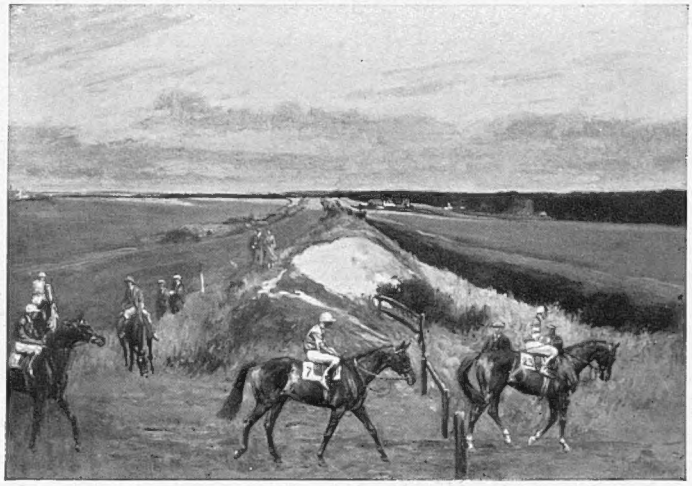

THE DITCH, NEWMARKET

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The Bystander, April 5, 1933 No. 1529. Vol. CXVIII.

The BYSTANDER

Photo by John Everard, Orange St.

"The Lady and the Tiger"

A new camera-study of Jeanne Stuart, who, though English, made her début in New York. She first appeared in London in "After All," at the Criterion Theatre, where she played the part of the artist's model, Greta. Following this she was in "It's a Girl," at the Strand, and is at present in that "obstinate success," "Road House," at the Whitehall Theatre, so she cannot complain of plays having short runs. Jeanne Stuart has also appeared successfully in several films

THE PASSING

"The Bystander" holds up the

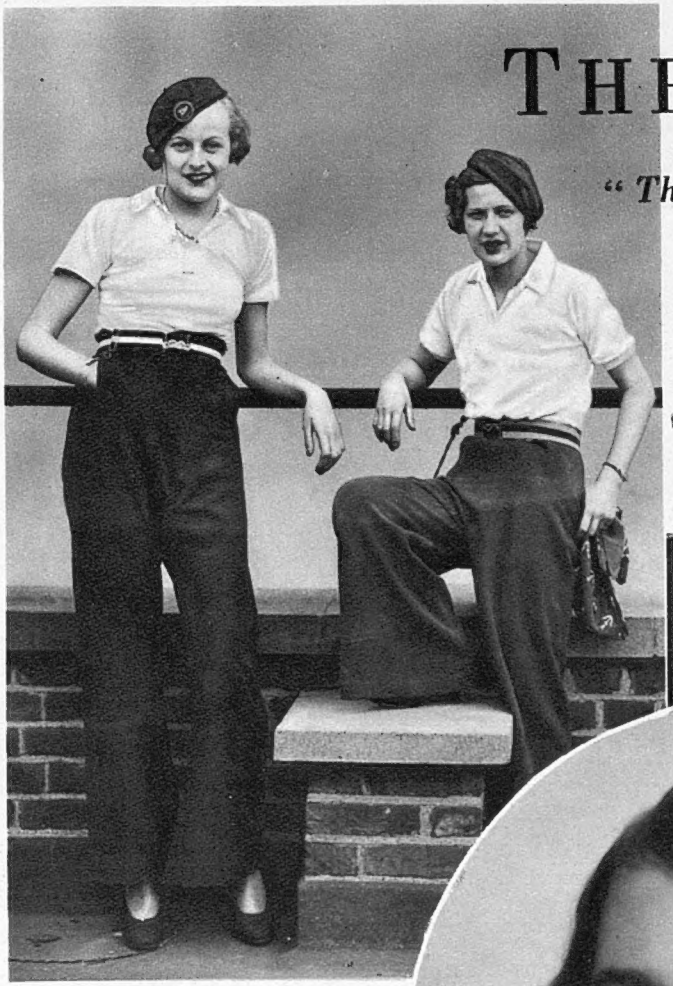
THE ball and reception at the Royal Egyptian Legation was quite the most brilliant affair of last week. Nearly every male guest wore Orders as well as decorations, and many of the women did, too. Among them, Kathleen Lady Drogheda's D.B.E., on its maroon background, was particularly noticeable Lord and Lady Allenby were much in evidence, and so was the Bulgarian Minister.

LADY ELIBANK stood near the door of the ball-room with Lord and Lady Leigh. Mrs. Redmond McGrath escorted her pretty débutante daughter, Pamela Kingsmill. Sir Frank Newnes danced, and Sir Cecil Harcourt Smith told me the definition of a grass-widow: "She is not as green as she looks, and only donkeys try to nibble at her." His son, Simon Harcourt Smith, has just returned to England after an absence of three years in China.

SEVERAL amusing fashions were launched at this ball. One woman wore black-and-white gloves. Another wore gold gauntlets. Another wore gold-and-black gauntlets. But what really drew the attention were the marvellous petit-point ceilings and the striped brocade curtains which look as if they were made of blue satin ribbons with pink rosebuds embroidered between them.

LATER on that night we went on to Quaglino's, where Lady Seafield and her husband were just intending to go to the dance, but were too late. There was also a party which included a noble Marquess, his wife, the sister of a noble Earl, and the brother of a Baronet, who talked so loudly through the cabaret that the entertainer could not really make himself heard. Then they left in the middle of his act. Noble manners!

MEANTIME, make a note of May 12th in your diaries. It is the night of the Charity Ball on board the Majestic. Your dance tickets include a cabin for the night. No names have to be given. If you book a cabin it will presumably be possible to extend the hours of legal drinking. No photographers will be allowed on the ship, and you do not have to leave your cabin until 10 a.m.



Miss Bunting Stephenson, and Miss June Child look very attractive and workmanlike in the sailor suits they are wearing for their working-their-passage-at-a-shilling-a-day trip to Palestine

Yvonne Gregory

Right: Lady Diana Wellesley, Clare Lady Cowley's elder daughter, announced her engagement last week to Mr. Daniel Dixon. Mr. Dixon is in the Grenadiers, and is the son of Captain the Right Hon. Herbert and the Hon. Mrs. Dixon

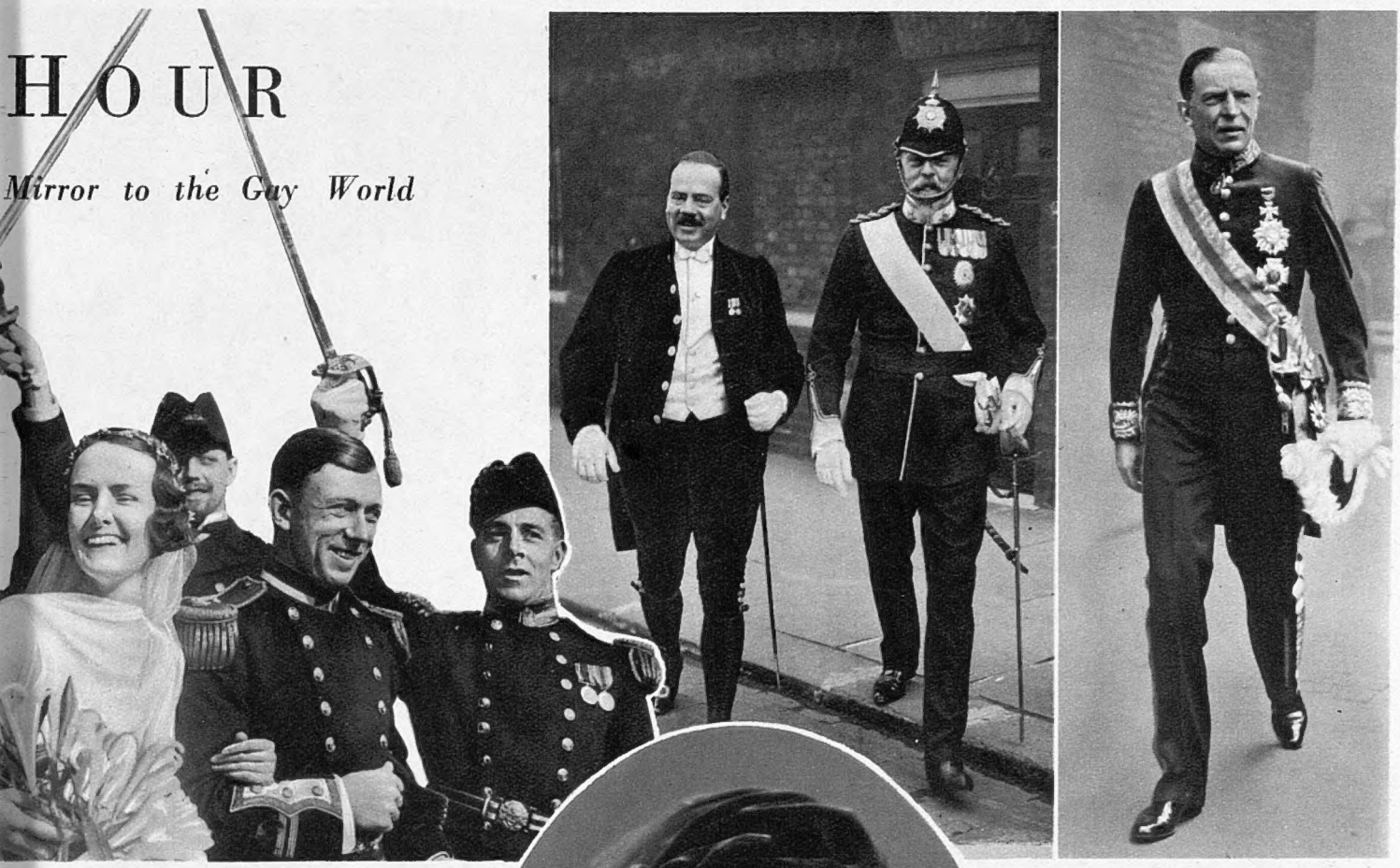
The Lady Diana Wellesley

At the North Warwickshire point-to-point: Lady Mary St. Clair Erskine, on Mr. Michael Beary's Sea Shot, won the Ladies' Adjacent Hunts Race from Miss S. Pierce, who came in second on Crawnglass

IT is being organised by Lady Muriel Beckwith, who looks so young that it is almost fantastic that she has a son twenty-nine years old. I was dining in a party with her, Mrs. Forrester Agar, and Sir St. Clair Thomson, the former President of the Royal Society of Medicine, at the Splendide the other night, and she was telling me all about it. Already there is a heavy demand for the tickets. Sir St. Clair is the best dancer of his age in the country. Tangoes, foxtrots, Viennese waltzes, and even valetas seem equally easy for him to execute.

HOUR

Mirror to the Gay World



The Navy and Australia

Lieut. S. J. P. Warrand, R.N., and his Australian bride, Miss Frena Lingen Crace, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Everard Crace, of Canberra, leaving St. Peter's, Eaton Square, after their wedding. Lieut. Warrand is the son of Major and Mrs. Hugh Warrand

His Majesty's Levée

Above, left: Lord Ampthill and Mr. G. O. Nickalls, the famous Oxford rowing Blue, leaving St. James's Palace, after the second Levée; above, right, is Sir Robert Vansittart, the Permanent Secretary to the Foreign Office

Claude Harris

Mrs. Clive Loehnis

A new photograph of the attractive wife of Lieut.-Com. Clive Loehnis, R.N.; she is the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Dudley Rider, and a niece of Lord Harrowby. She and Commander Loehnis have a daughter, Serena Jane

I HAVE received a note from Sir Godfrey Thomas to say that, after all, the Prince of Wales has not taken Lord Dudley's villa at Le Touquet this summer. I imagine he has not yet decided where he is going to spend the few brief weeks in August when he is clear of his Royal duties, but he is *not* renting a villa at Le Touquet. I regret I was misinformed.

BOAT-RACE night on Saturday was as gay as ever, and the Cambridge University Boat Club ball at Grosvenor House was a huge success. The tickets were only a guinea, and the Embassy Band provided the music. There was also a midnight party given by Jeanne de Casalis in Gloucester Place for Alice Delysia, which went with a great swing.

LOUIS NETHERSOLE tells me that the urn containing the Ashes, the Schneider Trophy, the Marathon Trophy (which is ten feet high), the model of the winning Schneider seaplane, and the silver model of the Blue Bird are the latest exhibits promised for the National Sporting Trophies Exhibition, which opens on April 24th at Shell Mex House.

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL would have lent Blue Bird itself if it was not already booked up for the next six months for exhibitions in the United States. Sir Malcolm, being a real amateur, finds it necessary to defray the huge cost of his records by allowing Blue Bird to go out and earn money for him in this way. Let us hope it will be a lot.

SURPRISINGLY few people seemed to recognise the Mollisons at the first night of Bobby Howes's new show, *He Wanted Adventure*, at the Saville. Both were distinctly sunburnt, but so were large numbers of the other people in the audience. Clifford Whitley, back from his nursing home, said that Marlene Dietrich was still under contract in Hollywood, so that "the dame with the pants," as Von Sternberg calls her, cannot be presented in the flesh over here for some time.

THE posters about the terrible air crash at Dixmude scared most of Mayfair before they bought their evening papers and found that, as far as they were concerned, it did not hit them so hard as the Meopham affair. And yet hundreds of us have flown across the Channel in the City of Liverpool (I have myself), and dozens more have been flown by poor "Lulu" Leleu, whom they knew personally.

NUMBERS of people I know have their favourite pilot. That of Lady Buchanan-Jardine and her sister, the Princess de Caraman Chimay, is Captain Oscar Jones, the only cross-Channel pilot who wears a beard. My own is Captain Rogers, who has a most admirable wit and has flown the Channel more frequently than any other pilot in the world. Mr. Willie Vanderbilt's is Captain Olley, the special charter pilot.

TO change a sad subject, the new fashions in gloves which were so evident at Bute House were in evidence again at Lady Hailsham's musical party, where Lady Cory wore the magnificent

diamonds which she had on at the Egyptian Legation ball. Lady Maud Hoare and Lady Birkenhead were among the guests.

Two débutante hops of the week were given by Lady Davidson and Mr. Fleetwood Hesketh. At the latter dance the youngest chaperone was undoubtedly Lady Castlereagh, who acted in this capacity for Lady Margaret and Lady Helen Stewart. Lord and Lady Galloway added to the week's festivities with a cocktail party, and there was also the start of a new mixed cocktail club—the Albany.

Right: Miss Olive Plunket and Lord Milton, whose marriage takes place this month, were temporarily separated by Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Davidson

THIS week—in fact, to-morrow—sees Mr. Ralph Cobbold's wedding to Miss Veronica Christie-Miller, and when the wedding guests have finished the bridal champagne, many of them will be going on to Madame de Peña's first cocktail party of the Spring. To-morrow is also memorable for the fact that the Charles Sweenys are expected to return from their honeymoon. What are the odds about their being at the Embassy to-morrow night, I wonder?

I OWE an apology both to Mrs. Lachman and Anna May Wong, whose names were inadvertently transposed under a group photograph in a recent issue. I also congratulate both ladies in being so like each other—in a photograph at all events.

Above, left: Lady Mowbray and Lady Moore at the Royal Artillery Meeting, which was held last week at Sandown

Right: Mr. Peter Clive and Miss Averil Streatfeild were on the very Mayfair list of patrons and committee of the Ballyhoo Ball. At the same table are Mr. Dale Bourn and Miss Dorrance

Congratulating a Winner

Above: Miss Margaret Livingstone-Learmonth talking to Mr. P. Wiggin, whose horse, Royal Gift, was the winner of the North Warwickshire Hunt Subscribers' Light-Weight race

Right: Miss Carr, who was riding in the Ladies' Adjacent Hunts Race, is with her mother, Mrs. C. K. Carr

Extreme right: Miss Dunn and Captain Darby on the course at Banner Hill, near Kenilworth, where the North Warwickshire Hunt Point-to-Point was held

The North Warwickshire Point-to-Point

Left : Miss Anne Hamilton-Grace and Miss Daphne Mulholland, two of the Junior Committee, are with Mr. David McCall, Lord Lyell, and Mr. William Whitaker

Below : Miss Diana Duval talking to the Hon. Henry Cecil and Lord Killanin, who were both on the "patrons and committee" list

The "Ballyhoo" Ball

In Aid of the Royal Northern Hospital

Above : Mrs. Tom Barber and Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger were two of the "decorations" at Grosvenor House, where the "Ballyhoo" Ball was held

Miss Clare Blow and Lady Elizabeth Murray were doing the usual Junior Committee work for the cause by acting as flower girls and selling buttonholes

Below, right : Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid were there, too : it was the sort of dance that everyone went to, and a great success

Photos by Swaebe and L.N.A.

Above : Miss Iris Ashley and Lord Brecknock at supper. An all-star cabaret from the cast of "Ballyhoo" provided a topical cabaret

Right : Mr. John Underwood and the Hon. Moya Beresford think of a "Ballyhoo" joke at the right moment for the flashlight

A Racing Reverie: *By "Regular"*

Lord and Lady Erne were at Aintree for the Grand National, and were photographed walking round together on the big day

WHATEVER troubles they may have had at home, the Americans have certainly had a great year over here. First Sweeny won the Whigham, then "Pete" Bostwick won the Imperial Cup, and now the "Brose" Clarks have won the National.

IT was a great week all right, but it goes without saying that it cost most of us a packet, and sent us "chasing" once again. By this, I do not mean steeplechasing, nor do I mean the pastime indulged in by rude old men when they see a pretty girl. What I mean is, we lose, say, a pony or £50 in the first week of the season, and then, from now till next November, we chase it.

I HAVE been knocking about far too long to think I can get something for nothing, and no bigger liar ever lived than the man who said that the best things in life are free. Anyhow, I bet he never spent National week at the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool.

HOWEVER, we must cheer ourselves up with the thought that things might have been worse. For instance, but for the intervention of an ever-beneficent Providence, we might have had to spend three days at Lincoln instead of two.

THE suggestion that, in future, the Lincoln Handicap should be drawn for, is, I am sure, bound to find favour. All the runners will be put in a hat, and the three drawing the highest numbers—i.e., the ones which would normally draw the three positions nearest the Stand rails, should divide the stake. This would save us all a lot of trouble, and be just as fair a method of deciding the race as the more antiquated system, now in use, of making the horses run or attempt to run, for it.

AT the same time, we must congratulate Mr. Lambton on his success, firstly, on his skilful training performance, and secondly, on drawing a high number, because I am sure he will agree that not all the combined skill of Mr. Lambton, Mrs. Lambton, and all the little Lambtons, all of whom take such an active part in training the horses, would have made Dorigen win if she had been drawn No 1.

THE man who really should have enjoyed Lincoln is "Atty" Persse. First of all, he didn't go, and secondly, he ran two in the Brocklesby, both apparently unfancied, and they finished first and second, which should give him a rare line for his thirty-eight other two-year-olds down at Stockbridge.

IN Eye Glass the Duke of Westminster owns a useful two-year-old which should win him a nice race ere very long, and it will be grand to see his famous colours on a good horse again. The Duke, though, has never cared two hoots for racing, and never seemed to get any fun out of it, even when he owned that good horse, Twelve-Pointer. The Duchess, though, is very keen, and it is on her account, and to please his old friend, "Atty," that he keeps horses in training.

THE scene of operations changes to Liverpool; but before we leave the Carholme we must give a pat on the back to the Ford brothers for their pumping ability. What they did with that lake, on which ducks were swimming about on the Monday, goodness only knows. The truth of the statement that you can't beat a Ford has never been more ably demonstrated.

IF we 'd had any sense we 'd have all got our expenses over Mr. "Pete" Bostwick and Flaming in the first race of the meeting at Liverpool, and left it at that. If ever one looked gilt-edged, that one did. And it was.

THEN "Atty" Persse produced another two-year-old which, for the present, at any rate, can go faster than the rest of the field. Tyneside, which belongs to Lord Wyfold, always had her race well won, and she will win again. How these Tetratemas do run, —at any rate, as two-year-olds.

NATIONAL day was glorious in every respect save one—the result of the big race. Lovely women, dotted about all over the place, a lovely day, a magnificent race, superb jockeyship, and the owner of the winner a charming lady. The only fly in the ointment was that we hadn't backed it; at least no one I met had, though I can well imagine one Leicestershire "thruster" will be "going" better than ever next season.

HARKING back to the lovely women, I give pride of place to Lady Weymouth, though she hadn't a lot in hand of Lady Haddington (keeping a watchful eye for Merriment), and the sisters, Mary Lygon and Lettice Cotterell, all of whom looked a treat.

LORD HADDINGTON completed the course safely on his grand jumper, the only trouble being that he didn't go fast enough—in fact, the winner had reached the unsaddling enclosure before he passed the post, at the tail-end of the eighteen to finish. However, any horse and rider who completes the National course has put up a magnificent performance, no matter how long they take over it.

THE "Foxhunters'" run over the National course was won by that grand little sportsman and the most modest of all the amateur riders, Sir Peter Grant Lawson, and we cheered like mad, though, of course, we hadn't backed him.

PETER GRANT LAWSON is very short-sighted, and cannot recognise anyone without glasses. So far from this proving a handicap, he thinks it an asset, as, if he could see the obstacles, he 's sure he 'd never take them on.

THE "Tote" is tremendously enterprising these days, and is producing all sorts of excellent reasons why one should bet with it—the most original being "Mrs. David Leslie has charming manners and red nails, the bookmakers bad manners and black ones—bet with the 'Tote.'"

But the "Tote" does *not* possess the human touch. Accompanying my account (a losing one, of course), I found a charming little note-book, a present from my bookie, which bore the inscription, "Things To Do To-day." A tactful reminder!

Up at Warwick for the Spring Meeting

Checks were out again in force at Warwick, and Mrs. Andrews Howell and Mrs. Browne were two whose suitings were well in the van of this ubiquitous fashion

Lady Mary Kirk and Mrs. Musker were at the Spring Meeting, which got the new Flat season going nicely with two very pleasant days' racing in perfect weather

Left : Mr. Walter Fryer, the Secretary of the Berks and Bucks Staghounds, and Miss Troughton came to the meeting straight from hunting

Above : whips out for the finish of the Warwick Spring Handicap, which was won by Prince's Tryst, owned by Mr. D. L. Wilson, A. Richardson up

Left : Miss Sybil Hare and Miss Norah Wilmot look as if they might be getting a pretty good tip

Lady Carew Pole, Mrs. Liddle and Mrs. West, all wearing the regulation fox-fur, meet and discuss the prospects of the day in the paddock

Mrs. A. Smith Bingham and Mrs. Foster walking round. Mr. Smith Bingham had a horse running in the Spring Handicap

Miss H. Guthrie and Miss Hargreaves waiting for the runners of the next race to come and show themselves in the ring

On the Flat

The Warwick Spring Meeting

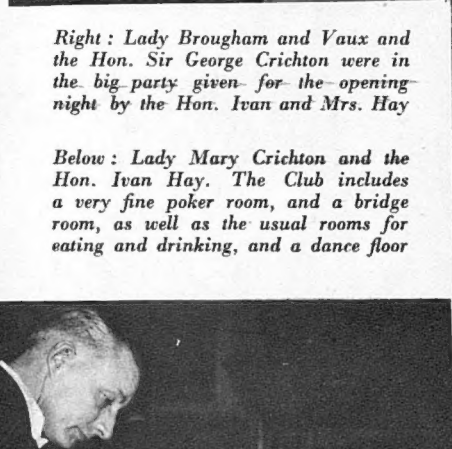
The Albany Club had a "swell" opening night and jumped straight on to the list of places that people go to. The Hon. Robert James, Lord Northbourne's brother, and Lady Betty Butler were there in the same party

Above is Lady Weymouth, not as horrified as she looks—she was explaining something when the flashlight caught her. Above, right: Capt. Grant and Lady Serena James

Right: Mr. Leonard Partridge, the originator of the Club, which is in one of the lovely and historic eighteenth-century houses of Savile Row, with his daughter, Mrs. Victor Bearman

Left: Mr. J. Gibbs and Lady Chaplin were two more at the opening night

Right, below: Lord Wimborne and the Hon. Mrs. Ivan Hay, sitting over dinner in the panelled restaurant



Right: Lady Brougham and Vaux and the Hon. Sir George Crichton were in the big party given for the opening night by the Hon. Ivan and Mrs. Hay

Below: Lady Mary Crichton and the Hon. Ivan Hay. The Club includes a very fine poker room, and a bridge room, as well as the usual rooms for eating and drinking, and a dance floor

A New Place to Go

The Albany Club Opening Night

Mr. Victor Bearman, who is one of the people helping to run the Club, sitting at supper with Mrs. Leonard Partridge

Hors d'Œuvres: *By "Caviare"*

HOW pretty Miss Diane Chamberlain is! I like her mass of tiny golden curls, which are very feminine these "Where are my trousers?" days. Mr. Joe Chamberlain, her brother, is extraordinarily good-looking, especially in his uniform. Who can resist a tall, fair, blue-eyed soldier? Not I!

POT-POURRI—
Lady Anne Bridgeman's lovely mouth.
Mrs. Percy Lawson-Johnston's dimples.
Lady Reynolds's long fingers.
Lady Glentanar's perfect complexion.

IS a tall, smart young man we all know very glad to be in London just now; and can a returned traveller be the reason?

LITTLE Miss Muffet (not so very little)
Sat at a buffet,
Having a cocktail or two.
There came a big spider
And sat down beside her—
"And, darling! What else could *she do?"*

WE don't see enough of Mrs. Jim Seely, who is Mrs. Dudley Ward's younger sister, and who is a most entrancing personality. Piquant features, a lovely figure, a flashing smile, and a sense of humour! What more could one ask, except to see her everywhere, always?

MADELEINE CARROLL, otherwise Mrs. Philip Astley, has such lovely English colouring. I think that she and her husband are one of the best-looking couples I know. I wonder why there aren't "Couple Competitions" for "Mr. and Mrs. England"? Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten should compete; Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley; and, of course, Mr. David and Lady Anne Rhys.

LADY DIANA WELLESLEY is looking frail but very attractive after her recent operation for appendicitis. How good-looking her mother, Clare Lady Cowley, is; and always beautifully dressed. Another smart young mother is Lady Domville, who has deep-set eyes, a flair for languages, and a radiant red-headed ex-débutante daughter.

A MOST handsome Spanish visitor in our midst is Don Pepita Larios, who is doing film-work over here. He has the most fascinating smile I have ever encountered, but I am not the only person who thinks so, alas! I wish Don Pepita a Valentino success on the screen.

Back at the Café Swaebe

Table Telephoning Swaebe

Above: Mrs. Cecil Pim and Sir Robert Throckmorton are two who have been missing from the ranks of Café de Paris regulars for the last few months, but here they are, back again

Left: Mr. Michael Gold and Miss Elspeth Bailey at the Old Florida, which is open again now, with a very local and popular telephone service between one table and another

MRS. FRANK D'ARCY and Lady Alexander are fond of that most becoming little accessory—a black velvet patch. Mrs. D'Arcy nearly always wears one on her chin. I have seen Lady Weymouth with a very, very tiny patch; and Mrs. Pinckard wears one. What visions of Georgian glories and Pump Room revels they conjure up!

MONTE CARLO whispers! Have you heard about the "well-known" we all know, and have you heard "of him"?

I SPY—
A happy smile—Miss Leonora Brooke.
A jockey cap—Miss Gwen Farrar.
With serious mien—Lady Baillie.
Boots (you can see your face in!)—Lady Harrington.
Chicken-pox gloves (with spots on)—Miss Gertrude Lawrence.

LET us consider the ex-débutantes. Will they be dethroned by this year's vintage?
Miss Penelope Dudley Ward is unusually beautiful.
Lady Pamela Smith has personality, charm, and is lovely.
Miss Pamela Wellesley is quaint, intelligent, and attractive.
Miss Katherine Horlick is original, clever, strikingly beautiful, and chic. Well, debs, you want a lot of good bats to beat that score!

FAVOURITE clothes colours—an idea started by Lady Mount Temple—are amusing to note. Miss Katherine Horlick seldom wears anything but black; Mrs. James Hennessy chooses white in the evening; Lady Forres is faithful to the shaded greys which match her hair; Mme. de Peña wears white at night as a background for her magnificent emeralds.

IS a much-written-about and oh, so-photographed young woman rather lonely these days? Can too many puffs . . . etc.?

LADY DIGBY and her sister, Lady Aberdare, are very neat. Zena and Phyllis Dare are very smiling. Lady Sybil Phipps and Lady Angela Scott are very intelligent. Lady Carnarvon and Lady Galloway are very beautiful. Note: two of a kind increases the value.

SPRING—
Two faithful hearts—with Hyde Park between.

IS a certain "married" very worried; and is she not entirely to blame?

A VERY attractive young man to Mayfair—"Fore!"

THINGS I have liked—
The Countess Bosdari's pale blue velvet cap.
Mrs. Cavendish's shrimp-pink Zeppelin sleeves.
Mrs. David Heneage's power of enjoyment.
Mrs. Jack Williams's chic.

D

At the Theatre

Blast and Counter-blast. Jill (Gertrude Lawrence) defies Nicholas (Leslie Banks), when vituperation vies with sweet music. The guest on the right is the irrepressible Freddie, an unsuspected Don Juan (Hugh Wakefield), once more correct as ever in his cups

Parasites and Poetry

"This Inconstancy" (Wyndham's)

TAKE *Private Lives*, add a pinch of *Springtime for Henry*, and throw in any old-world farce about an illegitimate baby, and the approximate residuum is *This Inconstancy*, by Roland Pertwee and John Hastings Turner.

Trespassing on these hunting-grounds is at the invader's risk. Mr. Coward, one thought, had a lien on those Bright Young Parasites who bill and bicker in exotic flats. "How useless we are!" they exclaim, between spasms of crockery-smashing and passionate rough-and-tumbles amid the sofa cushions. Wit and a touch of humanity are their saving graces. We are prepared to laugh at their infidelities and affectations; all we ask is a modicum of reason in their shindies.

THERE is nothing faintly rational about the maddening wife and the adoring but impotent husband of Gertrude Lawrence and Leslie Banks. When Nick suspects Jill of infidelity with Freddie (Hugh Wakefield), and when Jill suspects Nick of an illegitimate baby—installed, as an apparent act of reprisal, in the spare bedroom, while she is joy-riding with Lord Milverton (Nigel Bruce)—conclusions are jumped to with a disregard of sanity beyond the pale of criticism.

But in this kind of frivolity, which relies entirely on witty lines and the personalities of the players, to ask no sensible question is to receive no obvious explanation. Armed with a liberal supply of bons mots and parts made-to-measure for their individual styles, the quartette aforementioned get down to it with a will. Leslie Banks does the spade work infallibly. Hugh Wakefield, wearing his old school monocle, gets drunk and still remains "pukka," though I submit that the public school joke is wearing a bit thin. Nigel Bruce, as the scion of Sandhurst and a kleptomaniac peer, saves the first Act with a glorious display of monosyllabic bovinity; but the form is too good to stay the course. Nothing quite approaches that kissing-by-numbers formula—the jerk of the head, which hurries the victim to the slaughter; the half-turn, bringing her into the correct position; and, finally, the embrace itself. Gertrude Lawrence fools, flaunts, mocks, taunts, trifles, and teases with all the tricks, graces, and grimaces at her extensive command. Eve Turner scores crisply as the baby's nurse. The baby, by the way, belonged jointly to the French maid (Mary MacDonald) and—didn't we guess it?—that pukka limpet, Freddie.

"Francis Thompson" (Royalty)

LONG hair, clumsy fingers, a thirst for opium, and a dreamer's soul win no commercial scholarships. How poets ever reached maturity before the days of Journalism for All is a mystery.

In real life genius has a hard enough fight for survival: on the stage few authors, and fewer actors, between them can make it live. Jack de Leon's episodic close-up of Francis Thompson is worth while mainly because Ernest Milton is the embodiment of such wayward Hounds of Heaven. Mere physical resemblance is immaterial. Here is perhaps the one actor capable of pinning the shade of genius to the boards. It is a great and ghostly performance, and the play's whole existence.

The rest is background, rather tuppence-coloured and *Good Companion*-ish, but efficacious in giving the central figure dramatic force and reality. Mary Glynne is charming as the befriending prostitute, but no wearer of the tragic mask. Hay Petrie's character-sketch of a Cockney benefactor is delightful, but the sordid side of the poet's down-and-out days is too idyllic to give the play greatness.

TRINCULO.

Why the butler left home! Talbot (Julian Andrews) finds a quite unexpected visitor

SKETCHES BY ROUSON

Motorist — laconic — pukka-sahib — easy-going-fellah-very, the Alfred Jingle-esque Lord Hugh Milverton (Nigel Bruce)

Sunshine in the Park: Children and Dogs on Parade

1. Miss Elvira Henderson, Miss Joan Marion and a wire-haired fox-terrier were on parade last week in the Hyde Park sunshine

2. Mr. Anthony and Lady Veronica Hornby stopped to talk to Lady Veronica's small niece, Lady Caroline Blackwood

3. Lady Lever, Sir Tresham Lever's wife, takes her year-old son, Christopher, out in his pram for his sun-and-airing

4. Countess Howe joined the parade with her Peke; even the sun doesn't melt his proud look

5. Feeding the always-greedy gulls on the Serpentine: the Hon. Mrs. Nall-Cain and her two sons, Robin and David

Swaebe

The Passing Picture Show

The Stuff that Heroes are Made Of: By Sydney Tremayne

EVERY book which has become a best-seller, every play which has run "for ever," has had in it at least one character whom the public can take to its heart. This may not be so unquestionably true about films, because one must except the "super" spectacles, which are in a class apart. *Ben Hur* did not run at the Tivoli for over a year because people went to see the romantic Ramon Navarro keeping a stiff—and rather long—upper lip, but because of the Roman galleys and the chariot races. Spectacle, qua spectacle, always attracts.

The film version of "Cynara," directed by King Vidor, has been showing at the Carlton, with Ronald Colman and Kay Francis starring as Jim Warlock and his wife, Clemency, the parts played by Gerald du Maurier and Gladys Cooper at the Playhouse two years ago

Here's the end of the story: James Cagney in a close-up with Mary Brian, the girl-friend with whom he finally makes it a day in "Hard to Handle," his latest wise-cracking, quick-moving, newspaper-racket-satirising film at the Regal

NEVERTHELESS, there is a great deal to be said for the genuine "hero" or "heroine" on the screen—the touch of sentiment which makes the whole world kin and queue up. There could have been no more auspicious inauguration of the sound-film than *Sonny Boy*, in which Al Jolson warbled his little cheeild to death and his audience into lachrymose subjection. Mark Sabre in *If Winter Comes* is the personification of the heartbreak hero—quixotic, ill-used, romantic. Sorrell père, filled the bill perfectly. Tessa, "the Constant Nymph" was a scion of the ancient race of true-blooded heart-string pullers.

They must be sympathetic characters and they must *suffer*. Popular and famous actors dare not play brutal or callous parts for fear of alienating their public. The star system is partially based on this desire of the public to love and mourn over their favourites. They do not seem to mind the heroines being slightly tarnished as long as they *suffer*—witness *Blonde Venus*, which, now that it is generally released, is drawing crowds of adoring Dietrich fans wherever it is shown. But they expect rather higher standards from their heroes.

TRUE, Jim Warlock, in *Cynara*, has a lapse from the straight path of virtuous husbandry, but then how he *suffers* for it! And it is made clear to the audience by Ronald Colman that he is at heart a sensitive, honourable and chivalrous man.

Cynara is one of the exceptional phenomena, a stage play which films well. It is yet another example of English authorship (H. M. Harwood and Robert Gore Brown wrote the play), a mainly English cast, and the London scene admirably and creditably assembled by America. Apart from King Vidor's excellent direction *Cynara* is assured of success because the story is "human" and moving and two favourite players have sympathetic rôles.

Kay Francis we now know to be a film actress of beauty, grace and dignity, an exotic and polished product of Hollywood's finishing school. She has had ample opportunity as an exponent of feminine allure. As the wife, in *Cynara*, she shows a finesse and emotional restraint that is appropriate and telling.

IT is apparently a matter of surprise that Colman, who could be so debonair and attractively superficial as "Raffles" and in *The Devil to Pay*, and disappointing in that dull play *Arrowsmith*, should prove himself an actor of emotional depth in *Cynara*. It seems to be forgotten that his earliest successes were in silent films, when he was entirely dependent on "the thought that photographs." Whatever the critics say about this casting, lay opinion is universally enthusiastic about his acting in *Cynara*. "When he hears that Doris has killed herself you can *see* what he is feeling without his saying a word!" Surely this is the first element of fine acting on the screen, dialogue or no dialogue?

PHYLLIS BARRY has been criticised as not being sufficiently attractive, as the shop-girl, to account for Warlock being unfaithful to his beautiful and beloved wife during her absence abroad. But it must be remembered that he is no philanderer: the girl's immediate capitulation and adoration and the pathos of her situation would be much more likely to appeal to such a man than the obvious charms of some professional siren, and the sentimental realists can remind themselves that such things *do* happen! Hollywood sophistication would have been inappropriate to the part, and Phyllis Barry succeeds best in the moments calling for emotion and pathos, notably in the parting in the Park—a well-handled scene of pluvious depression.

A film of *Cynara's* calibre and sentiment will beat all the machine-gun fire, wise-cracking expositions of American business methods every time—at any rate, with English audiences.

JAMES CAGNEY, less "tough" but more agile than ever, is the unheroic hero of *Hard to Handle*. He runs a Marathon dance hall, runs away (you know how his short little legs twinkle when he is really on the move!) because his partner has decamped with the prize-money, runs a grape-fruit slimming stunt, boosts and boasts, and gets the right girl in the end. The audience laugh and forget (if they ever knew!) what it was all about as soon as they leave the theatre.

LEE TRACEY (the gossip-writer in *Blessed Event*) does some more to expose American "ballyhoo" in *Half the Naked Truth*. He crashes his circus lady-love (Lupe Velez) into Broadway stardom and, when she fails to appreciate her indebtedness, shows her just where she belongs by making another star to supplant her. Back in the circus-ring the girl comes to her senses and into his arms. All very slick and quite amusing, but does anyone really care? No.

Bassano

The Lady Romayne Cecil

The Marquess and Marchioness of Exeter's younger daughter will be presented at Court this season; she is eighteen this year. Her brother, Lord Burghley, is M.P. for Peterborough

Peter North

Miss Dorothy North

Another of the débutantes of this season is Miss Dorothy North, the elder daughter of the Hon. Dudley North, and a granddaughter of Lord North. She has one brother, who is sixteen, and a five-years-younger sister

Bertram Park

Left: Miss Esmée Lowther

Miss Esmée Lowther is the only daughter of Sir Henry Lowther, G.C.V.O., K.C.M.G., and Lady Lowther. Her father was in the Diplomatic Service; her mother, Lady Lowther, who will present her at Court in May, is a daughter of the late Sir Frederick St. John, K.C.M.G.

Bassano

Miss Mary Butler-Henderson

The elder daughter of the Hon. Eric and Mrs. Butler-Henderson will be presented at one of the May Courts by her mother, who gave a dance for her last week, and is giving another on May 23rd. Miss Butler-Henderson is a granddaughter of Lord Faringdon, and a niece of Lord Clarina

Bertram Park

Miss Mary Wellesley

Left: Miss Mary Wellesley is the younger daughter of the late Lord Richard Wellesley and Lady George Wellesley and a granddaughter of the Duke of Wellington. She is a cousin of Lady Anne Rhys, to whom her sister, Miss Pamela Wellesley, was bridesmaid two weeks ago

"Buds" of 1933

Five of Society's Latest Acquisitions

Golfing Cricketers

Who Did Not Get a Bye Given Them by the Rye Golf Club

Above: Lieut.-Col. L. W. H. Troughton (Cricket), Selwyn Lloyd, and Captain W. A. Roscow, both of Rye, and M. J. C. Allom (Cricket)

Miles Howell and G. H. Longman, both of the County Cricketers' team, photographed at the 2nd tee

S. E. Gay and Captain C. E. A. Terry, both members of the Rye team which played on the Rye links against the County Cricketers

Right: A. J. Evans and Ernest Smith, both famous cricketers of the past

Special "Bystander" Photographs

Above: C. T. Kenward (Rye), and Wing-Com. J. C. M. Lowe (Cricket) waiting at the third

Left: C. C. Mordant (Rye) passes the time of day with H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, the old Surrey County captain (Cricket)

Commander C. C. Swift (Rye) and S. W. Thompson (Rye) going to the third green in the match against the County Cricketers, played on the links of the Rye Golf Club

If Gossip We Must . . .

Prime Ministers, Present and Future—Seasonal Road Making — Farewell the Horse Show

THE Prime Minister, shot at from nearly every side, is a tired man, not in the best of health. The bulk of the shafts that reach him come from the Labour Party, which will assuredly one day be led by Sir Stafford Cripps, who is regarded by some as a future P.M., and not without reason.

SIR Stafford has just let the cat out of the bag, however, at what is called a Labour Call-to-Action meeting which was held at Sheffield. So "het up" and in earnest was he that he carelessly threw to the winds that caution which should characterise all Prime Ministers—even future ones. For years the Socialists have been making much of the fact that theirs is an essentially Parliamentary policy. They are not revolutionaries. Not they. Gradualism, the verdict of the Peepul at the polls—by such methods only is Utopia, or (as they may prefer to call it) the Millennium, to come. This is useful in scooping votes which might otherwise go to the Communists.

It also appeals to such moderate men who have an idea, however mistaken, that Progress is the monopoly of the Labour Party, who cannot do much harm provided they act constitutionally and in accordance with the rules of government by or through Parliament.

BUT what does Sir Stafford up and say at Sheffield? "Next time," he says, says he, "we Socialists must have not only political but economic power. *We shall not have to dally about with Acts of Parliament.* We shall start devising emergency methods."

For a lawyer that is not bad. For it is an abandonment of the very doctrine of constitutionalism of which his Party proudly, if insincerely, boasts.

Nothing more revolutionary has ever been announced by the dictators of that very Russia which Sir Stafford's brother, Freddy, has just been describing, with expert knowledge, not at all to its advantage.

The journal in which I read the account of this awkward admission heads it "Dictators not wanted in Britain." Break away from Parliamentary Government and dictatorship is inevitable. What the Socialist party really means, of course, is that no dictators are wanted who are not of its own political brand. That is why we are getting screams of protest from Labour against the doings of Hitler and Mussolini, while the far more bloodthirsty tyranny of Soviet Russia is either applauded or tactfully ignored.

Bobby Howes and Marie Burke singing into the microphone at the Palace Theatre, Manchester, where the Columbia Gramophone Co. made history by recording the whole of "He Wanted Adventure," the musical version of "Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure," which came to the Saville Theatre last week and looks as if it would stop for ever so long

J. Feneyrol

Lord Passfield, who is stopping with his wife, who prefers to be known as Mrs. Sydney Webb, at the Hotel des Anglais, Cannes. Other English visitors who have paid a visit here are the Bishop of Gibraltar, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Laming, Sir Alexander Park Lyle, and the Hon. Mrs. Phillimore

A Ship on Land

An hotel called Latitude 43, built like a ship, designed by M. G. H. Pingusson, is a feature of the little town of St. Tropez on the Côte d'Azur, and above is a picture of what is called the Hall, though the title of promenade deck would appear more suitable to the design

Left: a sun-bath on deck after a dip in the swimming-pool, a typical scene on the s.s. Lapland, which starts on a "Bystander" cruise on June 17th for Madeira, Teneriffe, and the Azores. Full particulars can be obtained from the Red Star Line, 38, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or from the usual travel agencies

Below: Jean Parker and Mary Carlisle, two Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars, described by the camera-man as "cavorting" on the sunny links of the Los Angeles Country Club wearing the latest thing in golf shorts

On the Links—But Not at Felixstowe!

"Yours t

From left to right: Colonel G. C. Kell Major W. K. M. Leader, M.C., Briga Houston, D.S.O., Staff; Lieut.-Gene D.S.O., G.O.C.-in-C., Northern Comma the Hon. H. R. L. G. Alexander, D.S.O manding 2nd West Yorks; Lieu

Sir Wyndham Portal

"Those Ultra-Violet Rays"

THE season is not actually beginning, but the spell of sunny weather caused reams to be written about debs, ex-debs, sub-debs, super-debs, young-marrieds, young ex-marrieds, old-divorceds, young-lovelies, old-lovelies, young-uglies, old-uglies, and the rest of the material upon which our social chroniclers rely.

It has also caused much tearing-up of roads at important spots. I commented not long ago on the prevailing habit of finding the narrowest and most congested part of a much-frequented thoroughfare and planting an embryo "Tube" station in the middle of it.

In Piccadilly this permanent obstruction is now aided and abetted by about a dozen little islands of disturbance between Devonshire House and Bond Street. The muddle that results is appalling. Through the channel that remains vehicles can go in single file only and at a tortoise pace.

GRANTED that road repairs are necessary, must it always happen that (1) a sort of archipelago is created and that (2) on at least three-quarters of these patches no work appears to be done?

Surely night-and-day shifts should be employed so that normal conditions are restored with all possible speed? The financial loss owing to delay, to say nothing of frayed tempers, is appalling under present conditions.

WHILE the Royal Academy exhibitors (1933 brand) were putting the finishing touches to their Burlington House selections, I spent an hour or so at the Guildhall, thoroughly enjoying myself at the children's exhibition of the Royal Drawing Society.

The work of these tiny tots, only five or six years of age, some of them, is astonishingly good. Its very sincerity and its touch of the naïve gives it strength. It is amusing, too, to ponder on the fact that precisely the same effects are achieved by children that sophisticated adults of the revolutionary brand spend a vast amount of time and pose in evolving according to their theories. Perhaps, after all, the French "Dadaists" were right, though there has always been a certain amount of pose about even them.

I like tots—both as artists and in liquid form.

English infant prodigies of the brush who make a real name for themselves are, however, rare. The best known is Miss Joan Manning Sanders, and Joan is "getting quite a big girl now."

BILLY BENNETT, comedian of rare humour and originality, now numbers heraldry among his hobbies. Armorial bearings

Right: Sir Wyndham Portal, Bt., D.S.O., M.V.O., as seen by "Poli." Late of the Life Guards, he takes a keen interest in yachting, and is closely connected with the firm which makes the paper for the Bank of England notes

are as familiar to Billy as the stage-door of the Holborn Empire; he could, indeed, be described as "almost a gentleman"-at-arms.

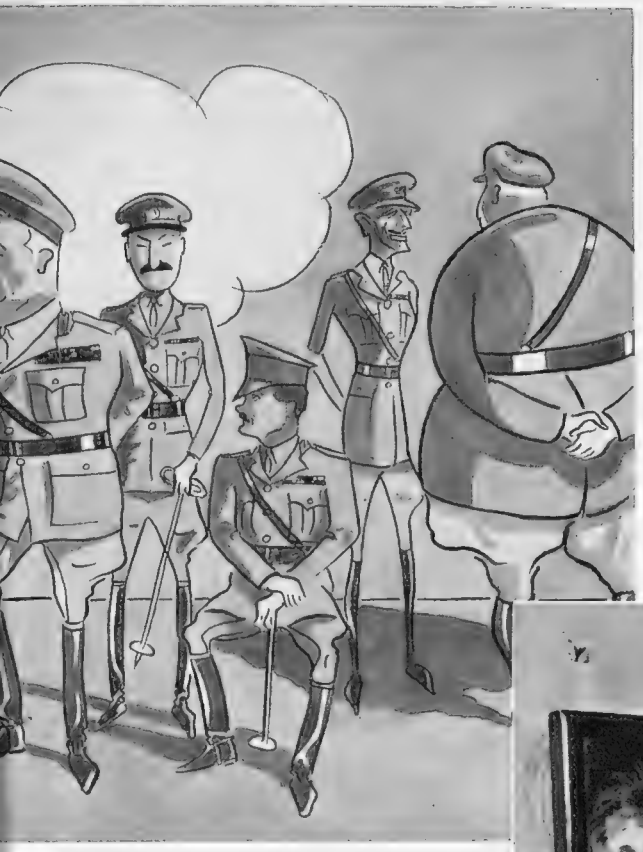
The other night I asked him to describe his own coat of arms, etc. With lightning improvisation, he replied, "Two sergeant-majors rampant on a field of As-you-were!"

THE abandonment of the International Horse Show at Olympia this year is very sad. I shall miss the foreign officers in their picturesque uniforms riding in the Row with the season at its height, the French poilu in his horizon bleu in the streets of West Kensington, and other indications of a temporary breaking-down of English insularity—at any rate, on the surface.

The late Basil Macdonald Hastings always delighted in the Horse Show, because it fell in with his theory that London should be "produced."

He considered that a super stage-manager should be employed by the Office of Works, or some such body, to see that Chelsea pensioners, with nice bright medals, should be posted in prominent positions, that a squadron of the Blues should clatter down Bond Street at exactly the right moment, that Bishops should walk the streets of the West End with lawn sleeves and be made to chat, in tastefully-arrayed groups, with Judges in long wigs and scarlet robes; and, above all, that a Certain Personage should always be seen in public with Crown, Sceptre, *and* Orb.

A pretty notion—a really pretty notion.



nmand"—the Northern

O., commanding 15th Infantry Brigade; Brevet-or, 15th Infantry Brigade; Colonel Blakiston-. Sir J. Francis Gaythorne-Hardy, K.C.B., C.M.G., t.-Colonel V. T. R. Ford, D.S.O., Staff; Colonel ., Staff; Lieut.-Colonel H. F. C. Hobbs, con-nel O. B. Foster, M.C., O.C. 5th Fusiliers

Frail but Friendly

Left: Mary Glynne as the kind-hearted street-walker who cares for the poet, Francis Thompson, in the play of the same name, by Jack de Leon, at the Royalty

WHO'S WHOOEY

No. 7.—Miss Edith Sitwell

MISS SITWELL'S not the sort
Of lady who is keen
On vulgar outdoor sport,
And so she 's never seen
On Walton's blasted Heath
Prepared to do or die;
In fact, Miss S.
Th.nks golf a mess,
Although, I 'm open to confess,
I REALLY don't know why.

Miss Sitwell does not seek
The fun West-Enders do.
She 's bored by Crazy Week
And does not love Revue;
The night club's naughty doors
She always passes by;
In fact, Miss E.
We never see
In Mayfair making wild whoopee—
I really DON'T know why!

But soulful Chelsea-ites
With shaggy hair and clothes
She constantly delights
With brainy verse and prose;
Likewise in Bloomsbury
Her name ranks very high,
For "thinkers" there
Will all declare
No one with Edith can compare—
I don't really know WHY!!

B. W.

The Colour Question at Swiss Cottage *Elisabeth Ivimey*

Right: Paul Robeson and Flora Robson, as they appear in "All God's Chillun Got Wings," Eugene O'Neill's provocative play on view at the Embassy Theatre

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides

By "Big Ben"

THE three days' debate on India went off exactly as had been predicted. There was never any doubt of what would happen once the terms of the Government's motion were made known. Sir Samuel Hoare spiked Mr. Churchill's guns very cleverly.

THE House is still surprised at Mr. Churchill suddenly losing his sense of political strategy. One had looked upon him as a master of the craft. What induced him, the previous week to go all out in a bitter attack against the Prime Minister, which only resulted in a psychological swing-over in his favour and against Mr. Churchill, may never be known. Can Mr. Bracken explain it? It was obvious that Mr. Churchill realised his gaffe and regretted it. But it was too late; he alienated the Commons at the very time he wanted every ounce of their sympathy.

IT is the old story of an immoderate attack rallying unsuspected defenders. But, however much Mr. MacDonald benefited from Mr. Churchill's speech, his own speech, it is no use blinking the fact, was deplorable.

THE truth is that when Mr. MacDonald has something to say he can say it and does, extremely well. His speech on Ottawa is a case in point. But when he has nothing to say he makes the worst of a bad job. He is no lawyer. It is partly due to lack of preparation. He should take more trouble with his speeches. The House would appreciate the compliment.

Sir Austen Chamberlain and his daughter, Miss Diane Chamberlain, guests at the wedding of the Hon. David Rhys and Lady Anne Wellesley

Right: Col. Sir Lambert Ward, driving from the first tee when playing for the House of Commons against the Ranelagh Club. The Club won by 20½ points to 9½

Mr. Winston Churchill, discarding for the moment the problem of India, and wearing a natty hat, enjoys a day's racing watching the running of the Grand National

ACTUALLY Sir John Simon should have been put up to initiate this particular debate on foreign affairs. But he remained in the shadows, always threatening Captain Eden to supersede him, but, fortunately for him, never emerging. Sir John, so I am told, was back at his old game. Should he speak or shouldn't he? Was the debate going well?—then he would; Badly?—then he wouldn't. Should he speak first or last, or now or when? He has played it all his life as his friends well know.

THE choice of speakers from the Front Bench is no easy matter, granted, but of late it has not been very well done. Some Ministers are overworked, others are hardly used at all. Mr. Ormsby-Gore was not too good the other day when he assisted Major Elliot. Sir Hilton Young, I am inclined to think, would do better if he were allowed a rest; why isn't Sir Boyd Merriman occasionally given a chance?

IF Sir Austen Chamberlain does decide to retire from the House before the end of this Parliament, West Birmingham will provide us with a very interesting by-election. To date the by-elections have been held in predominantly Tory or predominantly Socialist seats. But Birmingham, though it may astound many people to hear it, is not solely predominantly Tory. For years it was predominantly Chamberlain, but a generation that knew not Joe has arisen and is increasing.

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, moreover, did the tradition its worst disservice when he left Ladywood after his bitter fight with Sir Oswald Mosley there in 1924 for the comparative calm of Edgbaston, Birmingham's South Kensington. To the man in the street it was running away. Sir Austen was, himself, pushed uncomfortably close in 1929. It would be illuminating to see whether Tariffs plus Tradition would conquer Means Test and General Depression.

I UNDERSTAND that Lord Fermoy will retire at the next General Election and that his King's Lynn constituents may, in the future, be represented by Mr. Somerset Maxwell. Well, I don't know that they may not welcome the change. Lord Fermoy has been an exceedingly generous Member; but I could not say he has been a very active one.

ACTIVE Members are popular in their Divisions; there is no getting away from the fact, however much some Members pretend the contrary. Constituents do not like being left alone (our M.P.s never say neglected), and they do like their representative sometimes to make a showing in the House. (*N.B.* — Scarborough's silent record still stands.)

No Member can surpass, and few can equal, the popularity in his Division of Mr. Hannon There is no function too small for him to attend, no one whom he does not get to know and recognise.

I SHOULD like to write up in every Member's study, "Recognition means Promotion." It might spur them on. Some M.P.s are a disgrace. They deliberately don't bother. They expect, none the less, that their misguided supporters shall recognise them. Let them line up with two such different men as Mr. Hore-Belisha and Sir Fergus Graham. They reap their reward I have no doubt. Yet on second thoughts perhaps it is not entirely unwise for some Members to remain unknown quantities.

Idols in Wood: No. 4. Peace and Pace—The Flying Scotsmen

Two more examples of the clever work of Mr. S. D. Banks, representing Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald and Sir Malcolm Campbell, reproduced from models carved in wood and coloured by hand. The figures are about twenty inches high and the originals are for sale. Further examples of this new form of caricature will be published in subsequent issues

Delirious Dialogues : No. 9. President Roosevelt and Signor Mussolini

(Written and depicted by Bovey)

Mussolini : *Hail, President! Welcome to the noble band of Dictators.*

Roosevelt : *I sure am glad to have you know me. Say, you've been a Dictator a swell time—gimme some dope. I'm in a tough spot.*

Mussolini : *My dear Roosevelt, I would certainly not advise you to do as others have done, and copy my methods. Take this absurd "black-shirt" affair—it has ruined the laundry business in Italy. And this ridiculous Fascist salute is extremely tiring—besides being liable to misconstruction.*

Roosevelt : *Maybe you're right; but I've gotta keep this smile fixed, and that's no cinch, especially when the boys start shooting. And I've gotta think up a lot of hooey about "optimism" and "smiling through," and, things being what they are; that ain't no picnic, either.*

Mussolini : *You are doing magnificently, my friend, and when you repeal Prohibition you will be the most popular man in America.*

Roosevelt : *You've said it; but I've been playing ball with the Drys as well as the Wets or I shouldn't be where I am. Let's forget about it. Have a drink.*

Mussolini : *Buona sante, Signor.*

Roosevelt : *I guess I'll say "chin-chin" to that—which, in our case, seems mighty appropriate.*

The Lady Brougham and Vaux

and Her Son

The Hon. Julian Henry Peter Brougham does himself and his lovely mother credit in his cheerful and free-from-care attitude to the business of "having his picture taken." He will be seven months old next week, and is already full of charm. Lady Brougham and Vaux, before her marriage in 1931, was Miss Valerie French; when her son was christened he wore the robe that was worn by his great-grandfather, Field-Marshal the Earl of Ypres

Photographs by Lenare

Claire Luce and Fred Astaire Singing "Night and Day" in "Gay Divorce"

A Cubist Chorus in "Music in the Air"

Above: one of the chorus numbers fro in the Air," which takes place at a so the foreground is Al Shean, who takes of an old music teacher. Below are Os Hammerstein II., the author, and Jer Kern, the composer of this musical com

"Music in the Air" Photographs by Vandamm, New York

"Music in the Air." Just P

Big Hits on Broadway

New York's Tonics for Depression

DESPITE the crisis in America, New York has many votaries who pay tribute at the musical-comedy shrine, and two notable successes are featured on these pages. These are "Gay Divorce," a sophisticated bed-room farce, which has been running for six months, in which Fred Astaire and his new partner, Claire Luce, are the principal attractions, and to which Cole Porter has provided tuneful music; while the other is "Music in the Air," which, in the American idiom, is described as "an unquestioned musical smash" and, with its attractive Bavarian setting in certain numbers, "the chorus has a cinch." Both shows are likely to be seen in London

Music
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e part

Author and Composer

Walter Slezak and Katherine Carrington, the Lovers in "Music in the Air"

A Golden Voice

Signor Gigli's Recital

Signor Beniamino Gigli completely conquered London, or as much of it as could get into the Albert Hall, when he made his first concert appearance there the other day. Only Italy could produce such a tenor, which must have been born of the Southern sunshine

Donna Degna Marconi was at the Albert Hall to hear her countryman sing; she is talking to Lady Anne Bridgeman

Above: Signor Beniamino Gigli (right) telling Signor Mario di Veroli and Mr. Max Weber all about it—and evidently with no little humour

On the extreme right are the Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Pearson and Capt. Reaveley arriving for the recital; centre, below, Miss Margaret Hare on her way to her seat; and, right, Mrs. Anthony Acton is with Mrs. John Musker

An amazing performance

The Earl of Cardigan in the "Bystander" of Feb. 22nd, 1933, says:—"I suppose that if one wanted to describe the S.S.1 in a mere half a dozen words, one would not go far wrong in calling it 'the most successful experiment in motoring'."

Why?...Because the S.S. is a combination of high-class coachwork of great beauty and supreme engineering achievement. Of 63 cars tested recently by the "Autocar," not one Saloon model, irrespective of power and price, achieved the distinction of *equalling* the performance of the S.S.1 on speed, brake test and acceleration! The S.S.1 (16 h.p.) is the "thousand pound car" priced at £325.

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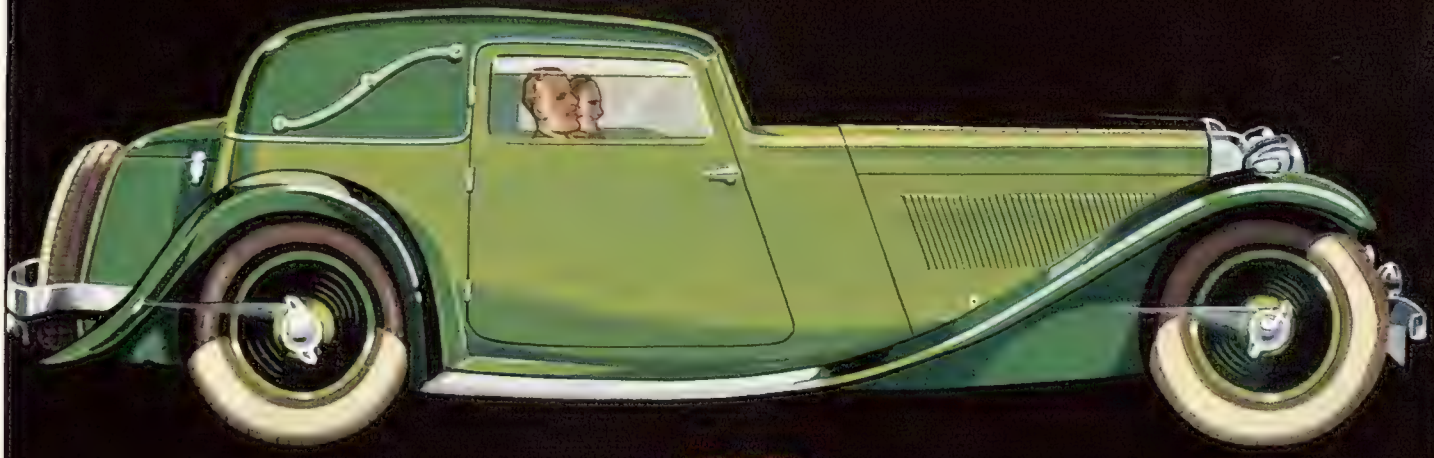

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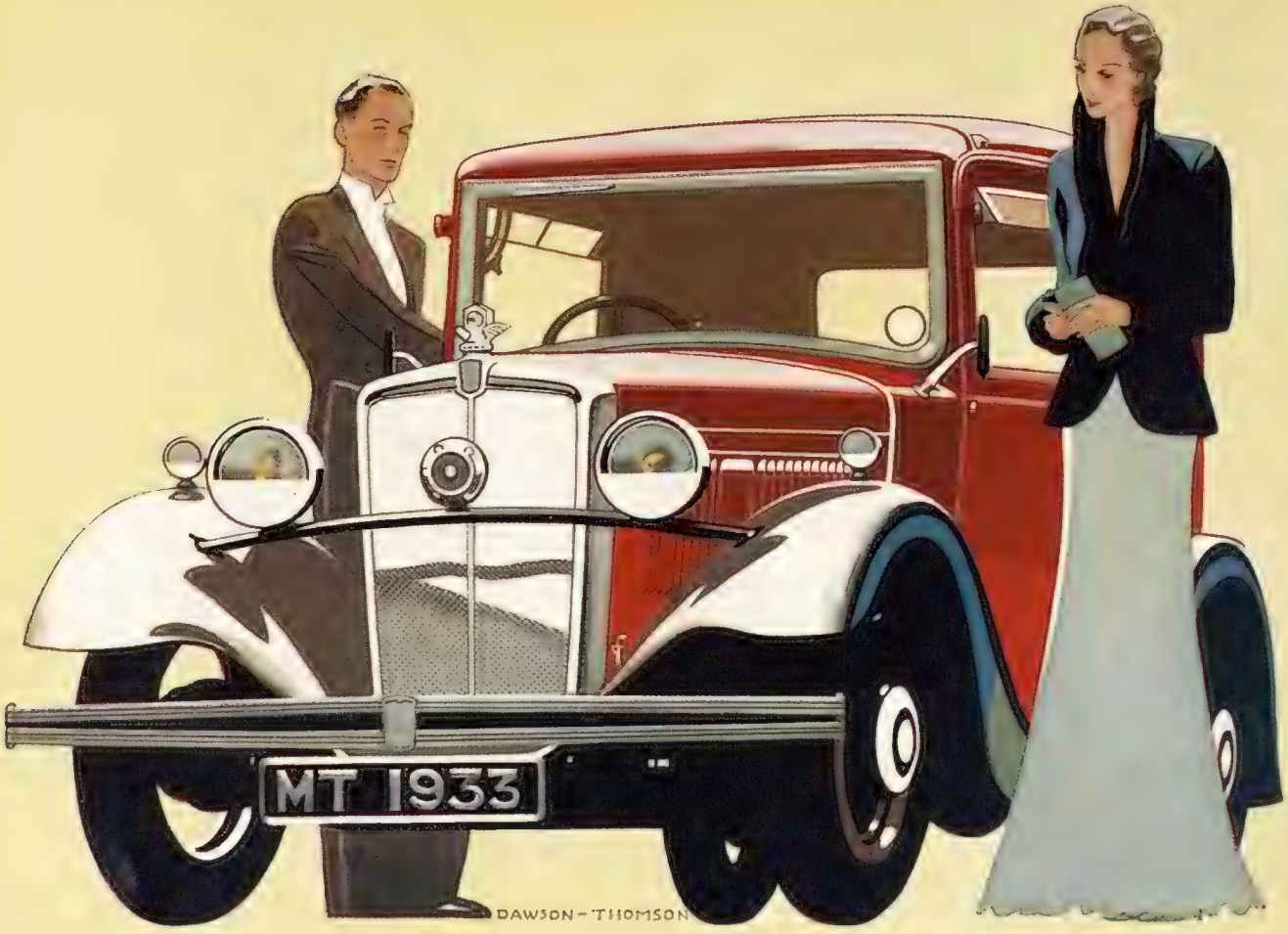

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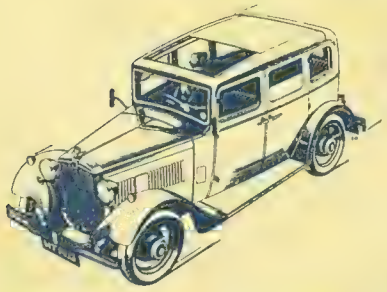

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MORRIS

The Inter-Services Rugby Championship

The Army, the holders, beat the Royal Air Force at Headquarters by 12 points to 3, despite the fact that for a considerable period they had a team of only thirteen sound men. The photo above shows an Army player passing out from the scrum

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Wing-Forward Tactics

As I sat in the sunshine at Twickenham while the Air Force did their best to break the Army into small pieces, I began to compose an elegy on the dying season. It was a pretty thing, this elegy, though there is no need to be alarmed. I don't propose to inflict its noble euphonies upon you now, for I am a little diffident about subjecting it to the vulgar gaze.

I only mention it, indeed, to remind myself that the season really is dying, and that it should, if we had any sense of the fitness of things, be already dead.

We play too much Rugby football, and we talk too much about it and think too little. And this reminds me that I have had a letter from one of the few people who really do think constructively. It is a letter, naturally, which proves me to be in the wrong, and it pleased me so much that I intend to reproduce it in full. Here goes:

"I NOTE," says my amiable correspondent, "that you are once more campaigning against the wing-forward who shuts down the game, but aren't you blaming the wrong one?

"I have yet to see a wing-forward who can get up quickly enough to interfere legitimately [my correspondent inserted "legitimately" as an after-thought] with a quick and clean heel. He requires, and almost invariably receives, the co-operation of his opposite numbers in the winning pack, who make such heeling impossible.

"Wing-forwards appear to work together, regardless of the countries, counties, or clubs they may be representing, to shut down the game, but success depends mainly on the efforts of the fraternity members in the pack which gains possession.

"The rules are simple—

(1) Form down (for form's sake) when the ball is put in.

(2) Get up the moment it is hooked. This should ensure a slow heel, giving your friends opposite time to come up.

(3) If even this looks like failing, stand on either side of your scrum-half. This screens him from his partner and is absolutely legitimate according to all the various editions of the laws of the game.

N.B. Tactic No. 3 has its dangers. Very occasionally a referee may penalise you for obstruction under the mistaken belief that you are screening the blighter from your comrades hastening to the kill.

"I agree with you entirely in thinking that the time has come when the activities of the back-row forward will have to be restricted, but I would suggest that the restrictions should be enforced by his own captain."

Now this seems to me an admirable letter, though it credits the back-row merchant with a subtlety which is altogether beyond him. Still, beneath my correspondent's sarcasm the facts are plainly visible—that gentle inclination of the body which is counted as scrummaging in the back row; that swift recoil from the semblance of hook when the ball is hooked; that dull-witted muddling which so handicaps the half-backs. It is almost possible to believe in a kind of back-row Trade Union such as my correspondent suggests. What I chiefly like, however, is the reminder that it is the duty of a competent captain to make his back-row forwards keep their heads down and do their fair share of work.

So much, in fact, depends upon the captain, and, unfortunately, competent captains are few and far between. It would be pleasant to imagine a Trade Union of captains demanding work for all, and deciding that the back-row forward as we know him to-day does not even qualify for unemployment benefit.

Now to more particular matters, by which I mean the Services tournament, won for the second year in succession by the Army. That the Army are the best side is beyond question, and they have produced at least one player who may, in due course, make a real name for himself. This is the burly Sergeant Boast, a second-row forward who revels in a hard game and has a very fair turn of speed. He may well be tried for England next season. Crawford, the Army left wing, is another player of considerable promise, and Croston is a useful centre.

This is more than we can say of the Navy and the R.A.F., both of whom have been short of material. The R.A.F., it is true, fought with great determination against the Army, but they lacked experience and collective skill, and could not drive home their advantage even when the Army had only thirteen sound men on the field in the second half.

There was, however, one R.A.F. player who impressed the critics, and that was McKern, the full-back. A fine little player, and it was certainly not his fault that the R.A.F. failed to stay the course.

Two Bristol players leaping to the ball, thrown in from a line-out, in the match at the Rectory Field which Blackheath won by 15 points to nil

Books of the Week

Indian Facts and English Fiction: By "Ericus"

Paul Tanqueray

Miss Ethel Mannin

Whose new book, "Venetian Blinds" (Jarrolds; 8s. 6d.), is reviewed on this page by "Ericus"

HAVING suffered considerably, both at home and abroad, from the "Bangalore-in-'84" type of veteran, I may be forgiven for regarding books about India with rather a jaundiced eye. However, I need not have worried about *India Marches Past* (Jarrolds; 16*s.*), after a very short perusal of which the eye in question regained its pristine clearness. Mr. R. J. Minney is a master of the art of combining instruction with amusement and his book is, in consequence, a real pleasure to read. Not only that, but it is a masterpiece of arrangement and co-ordination. Here you have a complete history of India from the dawn of time to the present day, together with some eminently sound views on her future and her sexual, religious and educational problems, contained, appendices and all, within 292 pages of nice, large, gentlemanly print.

Such a feat naturally entails a kaleidoscopic effect, and you find yourself fairly hurtling through the centuries, an impression that is heightened by the glamour and pageantry of the narrative. But Mr. Minney gets in everything of importance in the most ingenious way. Here are a few of the many interesting matters he touches upon:

THE Indian Empire is a fluke. The British came to India solely as traders, and it was in their struggle for trade that "despite themselves they won an Empire." Three of the earlier Governors-General, Lord Cornwallis, the Marquess of Hastings, and Lord William Cavendish-Bentinck, had proved such complete "duds" in previous ministerial capacities that their appointment to India was regarded almost as a joke. They each made a resounding success of the job.

Gandhi, on his first visit to England, "tricked himself out in dress clothes from Bond Street, and a silk hat which he stroked ecstatically but ruinously the wrong way."

A University degree, even a B.A. (failed)—"it proclaims that the owner has at least tried"—has to the native mind a tremendous social value. This, in its turn, has a corresponding financial significance: "for are not the personal columns of the native Press strewn with the demands of failed B.A.s for brides? With every application, of course, the dowry must be indicated."

Ninety-two per cent. of the Indian people are illiterate. At the polling-booths, the majority of them can only tell one candidate from another by some pictorial sign—a bicycle or an umbrella or a tiger. "On these the simple and bewildered villagers vote."

"What would happen if Britain were sufficiently callous as to abandon the helpless millions to the clamorous few?" As a Frenchman, M. Paul Boell, said: "The question is not whether England has a right to keep India, but whether she has a right to leave it."

WHEN I saw "Mafia" in large letters on the back of a book, and sketches of bearded brigands on the front, I exclaimed with pardonable enthusiasm: "Ha, Ha! Vendettas, Corsican Brothers, Klu Klux Klan, and what not!" But, alas! *The Last Struggle with the Mafia* is, truth to tell, a dull affair. The author, Prefect Cesar Mori, was given a free hand by Mussolini to rid Sicily of her traditional incubus, the Mafia, a kind of secret society that had terrorised the island for generations. He carried out his mission with the utmost despatch, mainly by diplomatically inducing a change of mind in the islanders themselves. But his book glows with the sense of rectitude, of duty well done, and is lamentably deficient in humour and incident. This stern self-consciousness seems to be a feature of the newer forms of government.

AND so to fiction. Miss Ethel Mannin's new novel, *Venetian Blinds* (Jarrolds; 8*s.* 6*d.*), is a study in frustration. She draws a careful and accurate lower-class family portrait of the Pendricks, Mister, Mrs. and their children, Stephen and Elsie. The battle-cry of Mrs. Pendrick is Respectability, as symbolised in the splendour of Venetian blinds, and laboriously she attains it, via Clapham and Tooting, in the house in Runscombe Road; while Stephen, with his wife, Alice, goes one better in Acacia Avenue, and Elsie better still with a rich husband who has previously "got her into trouble." Unfortunately, with each fresh environment happiness remains obstinately round the corner. The moral seems to be: "If you can't be good, be careful. But whatever you are, you won't be happy."

IT must be extremely difficult nowadays to find a fresh setting for a detective story. But Mr. R. E. Swartout does it triumphantly, first time, in *The Boat Race Murder* (Grayson; 7*s.* 6*d.*). The Cambridge stroke, an unpleasant young man—"de mortuis" notwithstanding—is found foully murdered three weeks before the race. A complicated murder, in which a bath, the regulation blunt instrument, and some fathoms of stout cord all play their respective parts. The crew, who are already not as matey as they might be, are involved in a welter of suspicion. For whose finger-prints are found on the spanner? The President's, no less. And is it not a matter of life and death that the Spare Man should obtain his Blue? And then, what about the saturnine Seven? And Cox, with his passion for fastening the crime on everyone in turn? I even suspected the coaches for their very probity. Mr. Swartout steers a tortuous passage with all the skill one expects from a Cambridge coxswain, and his dénouement is as startling as it is ingenious.

ANOTHER thriller, an American one, is *Corruption*, by Richard Curle (Constable; 7*s* 6*d.*), and thrilling it is—in parts. I only wish the parts came a little closer together for they are separated by arid wastes of dialogue. As it is, Messrs Whitmore and Braddon chat away inexhaustibly, discussing possibilities and probabilities, while corpses, coffins and freshly dug graves litter the smiling countryside. A tactical error on their part and a technical on that of Mr. Curle.

Yet another, and a really good one, *X v. Rex*, by Martin Porlock (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*). Death in eleven places!

Corpses! Corpses! Lay them in a row,
They'll reach from here to Pernambuco.

Yevonde

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

● MISS SUSAN CORBETT has recently arrived in town from Ireland, and is to be presented at the first Court by Lady Erne. The pink and white plaid tulle shoulder capes of her white chiffon dress make an exquisite setting for her fair beauty

● WHEN our dresses are not checked they are apt to be striped, like the black and white crêpe model on the right, with which is worn one of the new white piqué evening coats. This latter may be obtained from Debenham and Freebody

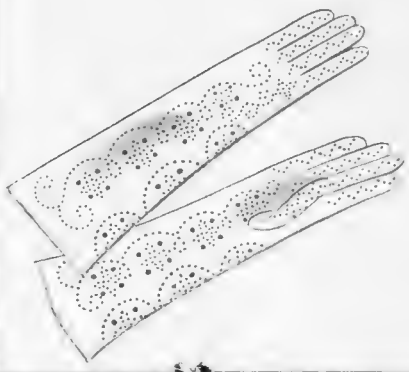
Hoppé

News and No... London

TO be able to acquire one's clothes on the deferred payment plan is a great advantage, particularly when Corot have such delightful models as this navy blue and white crêpe afternoon dress cut on slimming lines

A CHARMING hat to accompany summer dresses comes from Harvey Nichols and is made in a flexible white thread crocheted into tiny knots all over the crown

NEW and most attractive is the line of this felt hat from Scotts, of Bond Street, which dips over one eye and reveals the hair on one side. Price 30/-, in any colour



HARVEY NICHOLS are known for their excellent choice of gloves, and an attractive novelty is suède gloves, in beige or white, with an open-work punched design

THIN black wool crêpe makes this Lanvin gown from Marshall and Snelgrove, which has two white linen shoulder capes worked in broderie anglaise in lieu of sleeves. These are detachable in order to facilitate washing

ANOTHER novelty from Harvey Nichols' glove department is this pair of white kid gloves, which have their backs and gauntlets made of black and white plaid tweed

Matters from the Shops

A HAT from the model millinery department of Harvey Nichols is carried out in beige and two shades of brown tweed, the separate pieces being cut unevenly and cleverly joined together

RED and white with a dash of brown makes the delicious material in which the attractive hat and matching scarf on the left are carried out. From Scotts, of Bond St., price £3 10 the set

IRISH poplin in a black and white check makes the straight scarf and the smart bag to match. These come from Scotts, and cost two guineas the set

THIS costume from Gorringes looks in the drawing as if it were made of tweed but it is of Irish linen patterned in blue and red zig-zags. It can also be obtained in greens or browns in four different sizes and costs only 49/6

OATMEAL colour and brown is a favourite colour combination this season and H. J. Nicoll illustrate it by the smart costume on the right, which has an oatmeal-colour woollen coat and a dark brown skirt and scarf

All the Winners

ELVERY'S very smart white waterproof shown below is piped with scarlet and has raglan sleeves, an upstanding collar and slit pockets. It can also be obtained piped in other colours

ANOTHER unusually good-looking waterproof from Elvery is of black crêpe de Chine, piped with white and finished with a scarf lined with white. It buttons on one side and has interesting sleeves

THE first figure on the opposite page wears beneath a classic coat a red flecked woollen skirt and a red and white woollen blouse. This is a Pesco model, a name which guarantees good workmanship and good wear

THE centre figure on the right is wearing a smartly tailored coat from Jaeger which is checked in brown and white and is cut on the newest and most provocative lines. This may be obtained in several new tweeds

from Fashion's Form Book

ON the extreme right is shown a coat and skirt from Jaeger, worn with a knitted fez and a checked scarf. A wide range of similarly attractive costumes is to be found in their new Pocket Venus department

Cannons of Hollywood

MISS ISABEL JEANS'S coiffure is an excellent example of the art of Vasco, who is a specialist in the plastic method of arranging hair. So cleverly is it cut that the curls fall back into place after brushing and combing, and the whole effect retains its sculptured lines. Miss Jeans wears her hair brushed smoothly across the head with two flat curls curved forward on her forehead, and rows of small curls at the nape of the neck. The smaller picture shows Miss Margaret Rawlings with her hair dressed by Maurice, the top of the head kept smooth, the hair brushed back behind the ears and set at the back into a mass of small, close-fitting curls

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Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk": Caricatures by "Jonk"

Mr. D. F. Hollins
A new member of the Committee

PUBLIC interest in the results of this year's Committee election was unusually aroused, and what is, as a rule, purely a domestic affair has been much discussed in the Press. The question of the rates of commission charges affects directly the man in the street and his investments, and it was largely this question which led to the nomination and election of new candidates. The three new members all belong to what might be called the left wing. Mr. D. F. Hollins, as the chairman of the unofficial committee, has already had dealings with the Committee on the questions at issue, and is especially fitted to voice the opinions of those who have hitherto felt themselves unrepresented. Mr. Messenger and Mr. Fowler, the other new members, both represent smaller firms; the former has been a member of the Stock Exchange for forty-one years, so his ideas are entitled to be heard with attention.

THE guillotine of elimination, the only, and rather unsatisfactory, way in which the disapproval of the House can be expressed, did not fall on the Chairman of the Committee, Sir Archibald Campbell; had it done so, it would most definitely have been a case of the individual being sacrificed to the system, for the loss to the Stock Exchange would have been far greater than any service that could have been rendered to the cause of reform, had he not been elected. There is, however, a new Deputy Chairman, Mr. R. B. Pearson, of Laing and Cruickshank. His election will be extremely popular, as his genial Scots personality makes him very liked; he has a trained legal mind, as well as twenty years' experience of Stock Exchange matters.

MR. H. F. CHAMEN, the late Deputy Chairman, will miss the extremely hard work he has put in during his nineteen years of office as much as his wide experience and ability will be missed. Being Deputy Chairman of the Committee is a whole-time job, and leaves the holder of this office practically no time for the work of an ordinary member. Mr. Chamen is the head of Kitchin, Baker, Mason and Co., but he has been able to take but little active part during the last nineteen years in the day-to-day work of his firm. He is a very clever man, with great technical knowledge and an amazing knack of unravelling quickly tangled problems. He is always cheerful, with a ready smile or joke, and is personally a very popular member.

IT is always fascinating, though for the "stranger" rather than for the member, who is too used to it to appreciate the contrast, to realise that hundreds of thousands of pounds may be changing hands on one square yard of the floor of the House, while, a paper pellet's throw away, the most absurd ragging is going on. Mr. Guy Puckle, who is with Shaw and Co., might well be elected chairman of the practical-joke experts; his ingenuity is inexhaustible. He has a funny face to start with, and a number of ways of making himself still funnier. His false moustache is famous not only in the Stock Exchange, but on most of the railways of England as well. He puts it on while talking to someone, but without their seeing, and then he speaks so confidentially in their ear that they are violently tickled by it. Innocent victims who don't know their Guy Puckle have been seen, even in the depths of winter, trying to swat the fly that keeps distracting their attention from the interesting talk.

Sir Archibald Campbell
The Chairman

Mr. Guy Puckle
Makes a long-distance attack

ANOTHER of his more spectacular tricks is illustrated here. He fixes a match to the end of his umbrella with a rubber band, lights the match, and then, looking apparently the other way, he sets fire to the corner of his neighbour's newspaper. Flames rise high before the reader discovers he is literally studying a fiery journal, and when he does, he hurls it, blazing, into the face of someone who has done nothing more provocative than roar with laughter.

MR. BRYAN GIBBS is another great ragger. He is always either chasing someone round the House or being chased; or else he is doing a quiet bit of stalking by hiding behind pillars and other members. When he has crept up behind his quarry he kicks him on the leg and then slips away into hiding until the injured party has had a good look round, when he quite likely will creep up again and attack him on the other side. These activities are watched with delight, and the only revenge that is ever taken on him is that he gets his hat tipped off fairly often; but his hat is almost Stock Exchange property—its destruction is looked upon as part of the Christmas Eve festivities.

AMUSING the House like this is not the sort of full-time job that being Deputy Chairman is, and, in point of fact both Guy Puckle and Bryan Gibbs are most capable and hard-working brokers. But personality has to pay the penalty of popularity and publicity.

Centre-forwards so late in the season become very stale and—

—tennis-ball tappers are very busy shaking the hibernating moth from their flannel bags, while—

—the croquet players begin to reveal the first sign of life when emerging from the chrysalis stage

The County Cricketer is working out the brain-racking problem which leg the pad goes on, and—

—the mixed foursomes Kings and Queens, who are to be discovered on every golf-course, are now to be observed picking or unpicking their partners

The keen angler starts practising on the Underground Railway, while—

up north, at Manchester, to be exact, the enthusiastic cricketer gets into his best form above ground, and finally—

—members of the Royal Yacht Squadron, with headquarters at Kensington Gardens, are seen out boating again

First Signs of Spring

Sketches by H. H. Harris

SPORT with the LID OFF

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

YOUNG Jack Petersen is in the news again, and this time he appears to have landed in the big money class.

It really is rather astonishing that a lad who, two years ago, was practically unknown should now be able to demand £5000 for a single fight, yet this is the figure for which Petersen is standing out if he is to take on the inexperienced Jack Doyle.

I don't think, myself, that anything will come of this particular fight, since Petersen is virtually booked up until the end of August. What is more, it would, in my opinion, be a stupid fight, for however much Doyle may have profited by his period of training under Descamps, he is surely not yet ready to take a chance against a boxer of Petersen's stamp. It is true enough that Petersen himself has a great deal to learn, but he is fast, and he has a right-hand punch which would very quickly find the holes in Doyle's defence. I daresay Doyle has learnt a thing or two at La Guerche, but boxing in a gymnasium is a very different matter from fighting in the ring, and he will need to test himself against several second-raters before he attempts to break into the highest class.

Personally, I am anxious to see Doyle in action again, for he has remarkable physical assets, and that punch of his is a crusher if ever there was one. On the other hand, I am by no means convinced that Doyle will ever be anything but a plucky basher.

As for Petersen and his sudden rise to fame, and possibly fortune, he also has a long way to go before we can really believe that he is a potential champion. There is a suggestion that he may fight either Stribling or McCorkindale, but both these tough guys know rather too much for him. I hold no brief for McCorkindale after his display against Walter Neusel at the Albert Hall recently, but he certainly knows his stuff, while Stribling, I suppose, is the canniest and cleverest heavy-weight in the world to-day.

Petersen would be well advised to steer clear of these gentlemen yet awhile, for there are a number of excellent trial horses against whom he might more profitably try his hand.

England's New Mot

F. J. Dixon, driving his Riley, and J. R. Baker, in his Singer, coming round the bend in the first motor-race meeting of the Derby and District Meeting, in Donnington Park. The circuit is a very distorted oval, measuring just over two miles to the lap. Right: Colonel Lindsey Lloyd, of Brooklands, at the meeting

Extreme left: W. H. Vestey (Oxford), who beat A. H. S. Reid (Cambridge); and, left, J. M. Stow (Cambridge), who won against C. J. Malim (Oxford) in the University Rackets Match

Oxford v. Cambridge at Rackets

In Full Cry

A fine action photograph showing A. R. Chorlton, who has played exceedingly fo after an opening had been made for him by J. A. Tallent, seen on the for when scoring a try for Blackheath on the Rectory Field against a Bristol fifteen wh

Racing Circuit near Derby

Messrs. Peircell, of Dublin, and C. G. Stevenson, winner of the Boys' Championship in 1931, accompanied by F. H. Taylor, the Oxford professional, following the 'Varsity Jubilee Golf Match at Prince's Links, Sandwich

I NOTICE also that Al Brown, that remarkable negro who is still the bantam-weight champion of the world, may engage in a number of fights in the open air this summer. Al Brown, to my mind, is always worth watching, and I should very much like to see him try conclusions with Johnny King, the Manchester lad who holds the British Championship. I doubt whether King would really have a chance of depriving Brown of his world's title, for Brown is a phenomenon, but King is at least clever enough to give him a good run for his money.

NOW we come on to cricket, and it is something of a shock to realise that the season is now so close upon us. On Sunday week, for instance, the West Indian team arrive in this country, and towards the end of the month they will be playing their first match against a side captained by A. P. F. Chapman, on Mr. T. E. Scott's delightful ground at Polsham.

(Continued on page iv.)

...he Line

...r his club at three-quarter back this season, ...ding an opponent and about to evade another, ...s not at full strength and lost by 15 points to nil

A Tennis "Batt"

Miss B. Batt, who was beaten in the second round by Miss Mary Heeley at the Hampstead Tournament

Pointing at the Point-to-Point

Captain Pepper, Lady Digby, and Mrs. Pepper, some of the many spectators seen at the Sparksford Vale Harriers Point-to-Point 'Chases at Babcary, Somerset

Right: K. T. Thomson (Cambridge); below: H. C. Longhurst, a former Cambridge Captain, and P. B. M. Wallace (Cambridge), and E. H. Moss (Oxford Captain) photographed at the 'Varsity Golf Match at Prince's, Sandwich, won by Cambridge

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

Cambridge Golfers Triumph

When I wrote in this journal a short time ago that I thought Oxford would win the University Golf Match, I may be said to have plumped for the Dark Blues good and hearty; and, as I feared, this rash prophecy has proved quite sufficient for Cambridge to win. The fact that the Cambridge players were better on the day may have had something to do with it, but I owe an apology to Oxford for tipping them, and I hope they will accept my regrets.

To Cambridge, however, I must offer my congratulations. I have seen myself described, as far as this match is concerned, at any rate, as an impartial critic, and while I must admit that I thought Oxford would win because I thought they had the better golfers midway through the team, Messrs. Chronander, Wisdom, Rowell and Wallace definitely justified themselves and proved me wrong. To them, in particular, the thanks of Cambridge supporters should be given, for it is due to their triumphs over Dunnett, Pennink, Morrice, and Micklem that the victory was not only gained, but gained so emphatically.

Actually, Cambridge won the match, which was the fiftieth of the whole series, by ten games to three on the two days' play. By this victory Cambridge take the lead on the whole series, which was level before this encounter at Prince's, and Cambridge also retain their unbeaten record in this match over this course. On the two previous occasions when the match has been played at Prince's, Cambridge have also won.

I was not able, myself, to be present at Sandwich for the match, but I have been privileged to talk to a very sound critic who was there, and whose opinion I value highly. He also, before the match, thought that Oxford would win, but he tells me that he lost a great deal of interest in the result of the match itself through a terrific encounter in the singles between White of Cambridge and Middleton of Oxford. This match, he says (and his experience goes back through a good many University matches), was the best that he has ever seen between two golfers still at their Universities. Not only was the struggle keen and close, but the golf was of a standard much above that expected from young players. White was round the long and testing course in 74 in the morning—and he was two down to Middleton at lunch-time. The first hole after lunch was won by Middleton in three to four. He did the next four holes in four, three, four, three, and lost one of them, for White holed a good putt for a two at the short third, and halved the rest. White continued in this fashion, and was out in the afternoon in 32, which is really an astonishing score for anybody. At this stage he was one up; they each did the first five holes of the return journey in one under fours, and halved the lot. At the fifteenth, Middleton got a good four, and White's slender lead was lost; and they halved the sixteenth again in four. The seventeenth and eighteenth were rather in the nature of an anti-climax, for Middleton lost the seventeenth to a five by bad putting, and White did exactly the same at the eighteenth. Thus White was round in 71, which meant that he had completed the 36 holes of the long Prince's course in 145 strokes for the day, and yet could not win. Probably as exciting a halved match as has ever been played anywhere, quite apart from the University match, and both players come out of it with a great deal of credit and a very much enhanced reputation. Particularly White, if I may say so, for Middleton has long been known to be a golfer of great possibilities, whereas White, although generally accredited to be a good golfer, has not been considered to be in this class. It must be very satisfactory to White to have so nearly beaten a Middleton playing really well, for they are both Old Carthusians, and Middleton has been chosen to play for the Halford Hewitt team, whereas White, at the moment of writing, is only a reserve.

Before leaving the subject of the University match, a word of sympathy is due to Moss, the Oxford captain. Last year he was concerned in an annihilation, and this year he was wiped out by Thomson, the Cambridge captain, to the tune of eleven up with ten to play. But Moss was not quite himself, and Thomson certainly was, and there are many who have affirmed that Thomson has as promising a future before him in the world of golf as has Middleton of Oxford.

On the very day that this issue of The Bystander is dated to appear, an interesting match is being played at Addington between a team of professionals, raised by J. H. Taylor, and the Old Carthusian Golfing Society, which is taking the opportunity of giving its entire side for the Halford Hewitt Cup a run against very stiff opposition. The teams are twelve a-side, which means that the Carthusians are enabled to play their two reserves for Deal as well as all ten men who will represent the Society, and the match has to be played all day by foursomes, so that the conditions are also the same as those of the great event so soon to be played between the golfing societies of the schools. The players on both sides are the guests of Mr. Halford Hewitt and Mr. Abercromby, and this is just another example of the enthusiasm which Mr. Halford Hewitt has always shown, not merely for the Old Carthusian Golfing Society, of which he is, of course, a most prominent member, but also for the good of golf generally. In the professional side are included such famous names as Fred Robson, Charles Whitcombe, H. C. Jolly, A. Padgham, A. G. Havers, and A. J. Lacey, as well as two of the undisputed champions of the older generation, James Braid and J. H. Taylor himself. The Carthusian side is composed of J. B. Beck, L. B. Sanderson, T. A. Bourn, C. Middleton, J. H. Thompson, V. C. H. Longstaffe, J. S. F. Morrison, G. M. Adams, C. F. Woodbridge, F. G. C. Weare, A. P. F. White, and Henry Longhurst. What a side, all drawn from the old boys of one school! It is said that Charterhouse could put in the field another team capable of beating this one: would that some of them were available for my old school!

APRIL, 1933

1st to 15th inclusive

1st Thames Trout Fishing begins.
Racing. Newbury and Ayr Mtgs. Sedgefield and Tedworth Hunt Steeplechases.
Hockey. England v. Ireland, Beckenham.
Rowing. Oxford v. Cambridge.
Assoc. Football. Scotland v. England, Glasgow.
Rugby. Upper Clapton v. Burton.
Motor Cycling. Alan Trophy Trial—Cumberland County M.C.

3rd **Racing.** Chelmsford and Uttoxeter Steeplechases.

4th **Racing.** Newmarket. Uttoxeter Steeplechases.

5th **Racing.** Newmarket. Pontefract Mtg. Cheltenham Stplchs.
Boxing. Amateur Champs., Royal Albert Hall.
Roller Skating. Champs. of Great Britain, Forest Gate.

6th **Racing.** Newmarket. Pontefract Mtg. Cheltenham Stplchs.
Shows. Kensington Canine Assoc. Champ., Crystal Palace.
Golf. Professional Invitation Tournament, Roehampton (commences).

7th **Racing.** Lingfield Park. Derby Meeting. Aldershot Military Steeplechases.

8th Put clocks on 1 hour to-night.
Racing. Lingfield Pk. Derby, Bogside (Irvine) & Leopardstown. Beaufort Hunt and Aldershot Military Stplchs.
Assoc. Football. F.A. Amateur Cup Final. R. Navy & R. Marines v. Army.
Hockey. Belgium v. England (Brussels).
Rugby. Upper Clapton v. Lloyds Bank. Burton v. Blackwell.
Motoring. Italian Thousand Miles Race.

10th **Racing.** Nottingham and Edinburgh Meetings.
Rackets. Public Schools Championship begins, Queen's Club.
Skating. International Figure Skating Women's Champ., Oxford.

11th **Racing.** Nottingham & Edinburgh. Household Brigade (Hawthorn Hill) Stplchs.
Boxing. I.S.B.A. Champs., Portsmouth.
Rackets. Royal Navy and Royal Marines Championships, Princes' Club.

12th **Racing.** Household Brigade (Hawthorn Hill) Stplchs.
Boxing. I.S.B.A. Champs., Portsmouth.

13th **Rackets.** Royal Navy and Royal Marines Championships, Princes' Club.

14th GOOD FRIDAY.
Lawn Tennis. N. of E. Hard Court Champs., Scarborough.
Hockey. International Hockey Festival, Folkestone.
Rugby. Upper Clapton v. Pontypridd.
Motoring. M.C.C. London-Land's End. Singer C.C. Easter Tour.

15th **Racing.** Kempton Park, Phœnix Park Mtgs., Manchester, Chepstow, Carlisle, Plumpton and Southwell Steeplechases.
Athletics. London to Brighton Relay Race.
Assoc. Football. Scottish Cup Final. R. Navy & R. Marines v. R.A.F., Dulwich.
Rugby. Upper Clapton v. Glamorgan Wanderers. Burton v. Rugby.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

Women's Golf

A Great Book; and its Lessons

By Eleanor E. Helme

Left: C. I. H. Dunbar and Miss Bucknall; right, Mrs. D. Bridge and Mrs. B. Vlasto; and, below, Mrs. A. D. Stocks, Mrs. J. Sanderson, A. D. Stocks (winner of the Household Brigade Cup), and J. S. Sanderson, competitors in the Household Brigade Golf Championship and Mixed Foursomes which took place at Roehampton

Roehampton Memories

Dear Bystander—

Usually, reviewing a book is the last resort of the destitute writer who has no news. The reverse is the case at this minute. I have at least four exciting County matches to chat about, but I simply refuse to attend to them until I have told you that you must at once, without delay, get hold of Joyce Wethered's *Golfing Memories and Methods*. When you have got it, slink off into a corner with it, like a dog with a particularly juicy bone. I had the misfortune to have a friend to a meal with me five minutes after I had acquired the volume. When one of us was snatching a mouthful, the other snatched the book; a chuckle from one was the instant signal for the other to seize the book out of her hand, with an envious "What is it now?" There was only one thing to be done: when I went to bed I took the book with me. As soon as the first sparrow twittered on the window-ledge I started reading seriously. Since it was too beautiful a day to stay indoors and read, and I could not put the book down, I pursued my studies on the banks of the Serpentine, every now and again thinking to myself, "That is a good bit; I simply must quote that," and sticking in a paper mark. Now that I have finished, the book has enough tabs in it to equip a marathon of a paper chase!

The question is, what do you want to get from this book? because you can get almost anything. Do you want to improve your game; do you want to hear what it feels like to play the final of a championship, or do you want to find a golfing philosophy which will be some sort of use to you when your hair stands on end, your heart seems to have left its normal position in your anatomy, and you have no more idea of how you are going to hit the next ball than of how you might attempt to fly to the moon? Personally, it is the philosophy of it that has fascinated me most, unexpected little glimpses coming out of what Miss Wethered really thinks about golf and golfers, and all sorts of other things, particularly balance. And balance is where Miss Wethered, and her book, are both streets ahead of other golfers and other books. It is a book which every golfer has simply got to possess. I happen to know that copies of it, autographed by Miss Wethered herself, are going to reward the winner of the handicap challenge trophy and the returner of the best scratch score in the N.P.F.A. Competition at Sand Moor, which is going to happen in conjunction with The Bystander Northern Foursomes, next door, at Moortown. Entries, by the way, must reach me not later than April 7th, and the list is filling up fast.

Now to revert to County matches. It was a glorious day when I set out for Pulborough. On my way there I fell in with hounds—I suppose the Crawley and Horsham. Horses and riders were mud from head to foot; every one of them might have been rolling in a Slough of Despond. It looked a cheerful prospect for playing golf, but that was reckoning without the pure, sandy soil of Pulborough, where the West Sussex course is laid out. You could have walked round that course in a pair of satin slippers. It really is glorious.

So was the golf that Mrs. Davies produced against the hapless Miss Gourlay. I suppose Surrey's captain ought to have got in the first thrust and been away with it. Miss Wethered says in her book (I 'm sorry to go back to it again, but it really has taken greater hold of me than any golfing book I have ever read), talking about her final with Miss Leitch, at Troon: "One point we had in common was the knowledge that the playing of the first few holes of a match were usually the most crucial and important of all. To gain the lead . . . was the essential need to my mind. . . . There was no time to waste." Isn't that a motto that every golfer ought to act on, instead of making excuses of that ridiculous superstition about liking to lose the first hole of a match? I 'm quite sure Miss Gourlay is not so foolish as to harbour that superstition, but at Pulborough it did seem as if neither she nor Mrs. Davies were ever going to get started. When Mrs. Davies did, she was utterly irresistible. From the eighth until she had finished the match she was three under fours, and her number of one putts was enough to break anybody's heart. She was nobly backed up, too, by Miss Lake, Miss Horrell and Mrs. Stobart. I suppose you are saying, "Who is, or was, Mrs. Stobart?" She was Miss Laidlay, and when you have a father like Mr. John Laidlay, it is to be expected that you know how to hit a golf ball.

The next day Kent beat Middlesex at West Kent, matches going pretty much as they should, though it seems to me a special word of praise is due to Miss Rabbidge because she won the nineteenth after having dormy two snatched from her.

The day after that, Sussex, victorious all along the line up till then, lost by the odd match to Hampshire, at Hayling. It was simply delicious down there, with a great tossing sea in the Solent, bright sun, a stirring easterly wind, and Hayling tremendously improved by some new holes. The top match, too, was worth going miles to see, Mrs. Davies five up and then Mrs. Clarke coming home like one possessed to win the last five holes, all in par figures, and the match. Sussex got their revenge after lunch, but not so Mrs. Davies.

Surrey played Kent the next day, at Camberley, and when Miss Gourlay plays Miss Morgan there is always something worth seeing. For the first nine holes it was Miss Gourlay's golf, just as good as she has ever played, 35 out and five up. Then that awful fear of failure that Miss Wethered talks about obsessed her, and it was Miss Morgan's turn for the fireworks, 35 home and the match squared. The last green was really dramatic, or I suppose Miss Wethered would call it humorous. Miss Gourlay, dormy one, had put a very long approach putt not quite dead. As she waited for Miss Morgan to putt, the ringing tones of the B.B.C. commentator from Aintree flowed out of the open window of the club-house. Miss Gourlay wondered, should she know the worst that might be befalling her fancy, or should she ask for the set to be switched off while she made her final putt. Miss Morgan saved her the necessity of deciding by running down her long one for a three and the hole. Miss Gourlay took the 20th and Surrey won.

Yours ever,

Eleanor E. Helme.

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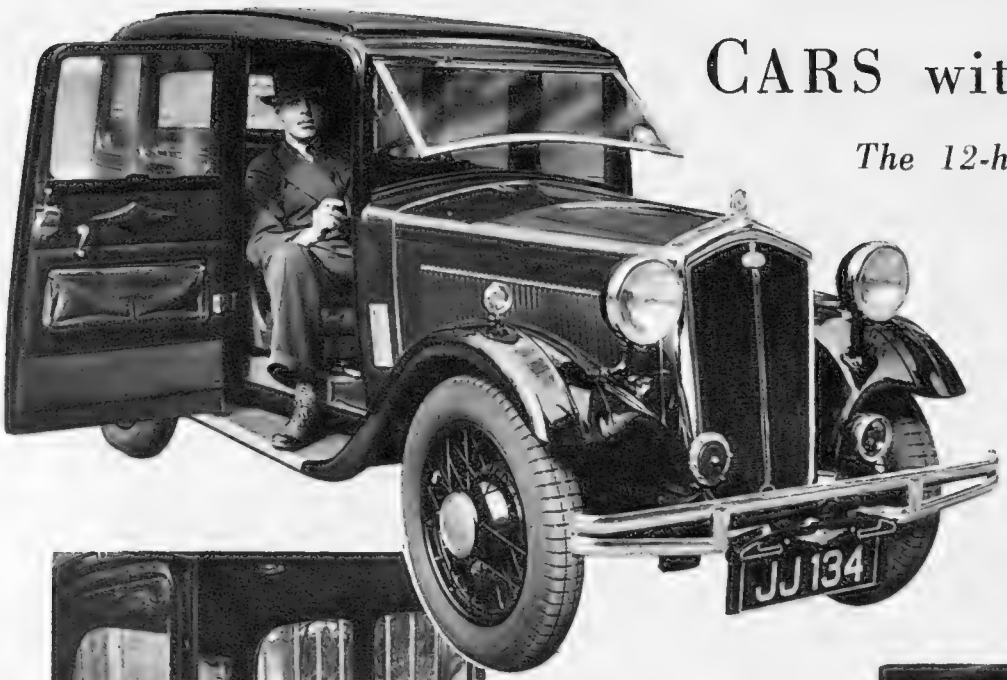
YARDLEY LAVENDER

CARS with a Personality

The 12-h.p. Wolseley "Hornet"

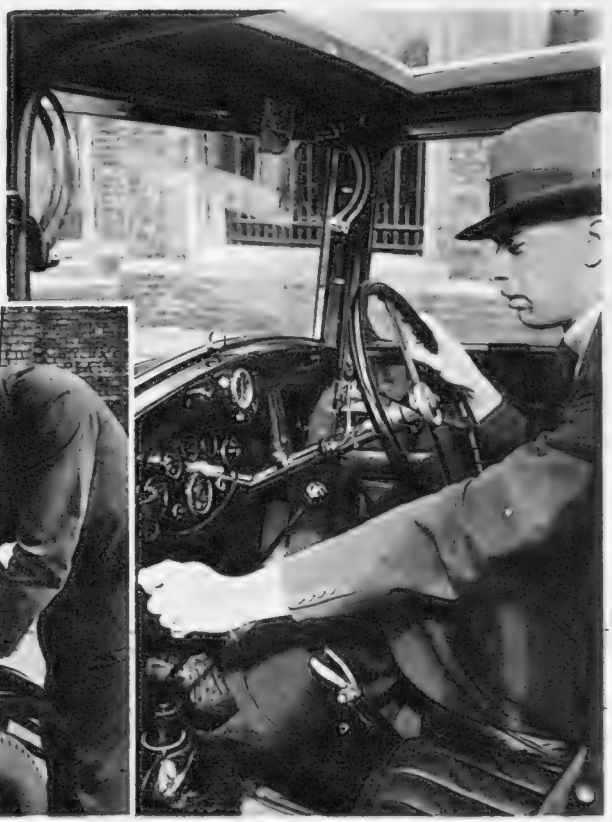
By the Earl of Cardigan



IT was a fortunate chance which caused me also to do a good deal of traffic driving. Few cars can be better than the "Hornet" for keeping appointments in different parts of London. It is fairly small, it is handy to manœuvre, and its lively engine and efficient gear-box enable it always to "get off the mark" with unusual quickness. Its brakes also are a real aid, being of the hydraulic type, very powerful and, at the same time, very smooth.

The doors are wide, and carry large "zip"-opening pockets. The windscreen opens to a useful angle; in fact, all minor fittings are practical

Right: the driving position has been well arranged, and all the necessary controls come conveniently to hand



Above: there is genuine head- and leg-room at the back. The back-seat passengers, indeed, are in all respects, remarkably well treated by the Wolseley coach-builder

Right: the six-cylinder engine is of more than ordinary efficiency. It is also remarkable for its quietness and smoothness at all speeds

OF all the various Wolseley models (and there are quite a few, up to the 21-h.p. seven-seater), I suppose that the 12-h.p. "Hornet" must be very easily the best known and most popular. It just happens to hit off perfectly one item of the public's motoring requirements—to do just the right things at the right price.

If one can ever describe a car in one word, then that word, in the case of the Wolseley "Hornet," must be "liveliness." It is quite exceptionally lively, under all the conditions which I was able to cover in an extensive test. I took it first on to the open road, and here it was soon evident that a really good turn of speed was available. Moreover, the little six-cylinder engine did not display any tendency towards noise or vibration as its "revs" increased. On the contrary, it seemed more than ordinarily silent, and extremely smooth throughout its range.

The maximum in top gear appeared to be around 65 m.p.h.—a very useful speed. More important, the cruising speed was relatively high, so that one could maintain 50 m.p.h. or so with perfect comfort. Very striking, to my mind, was the performance in third gear. Using this admirable ratio, I reached 50 m.p.h. as a maximum, and 40 m.p.h. with ease.

WITH an indirect gear of this sort, it is needless to say that hill climbing proved very satisfactory indeed. While ordinary slopes could be tackled very comfortably in top gear, it was a real advantage, where steeper gradients were concerned, to be able to change down at a good 40 m.p.h. and to maintain ample power without further loss of speed. No unusual form of gearing is employed, but there was no real difficulty in such changes, even when judged by modern standards.

The "Hornet" chassis is quite often used in conjunction with light special bodies of the "sporting" type—very often built more for smartness than for comfort. It should be noted, however, that, with the standard coachwork, it provides genuinely ample space for its four passengers. The four-door saloon which I tested was, indeed, above the small-car average for both leg- and head-room, even with the front seat pushed back to accommodate a six-foot driver.

One further good point is the readiness with which the engine starts. One expects a modern car to start up well, but one does not expect it, as this "Hornet" did, to fire instantaneously at the first touch of the starter on a raw spring morning. At just under £200, there is no doubt that here, as a great many people have already discovered, is an exceptionally attractive proposition.

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Full of Flavour and smoking charm... there's a World of Difference between the sealed-fresh, *weather-protected* CRAVEN "A" and *any* Cigarette which has gone FLABBY or SHOP-STALE

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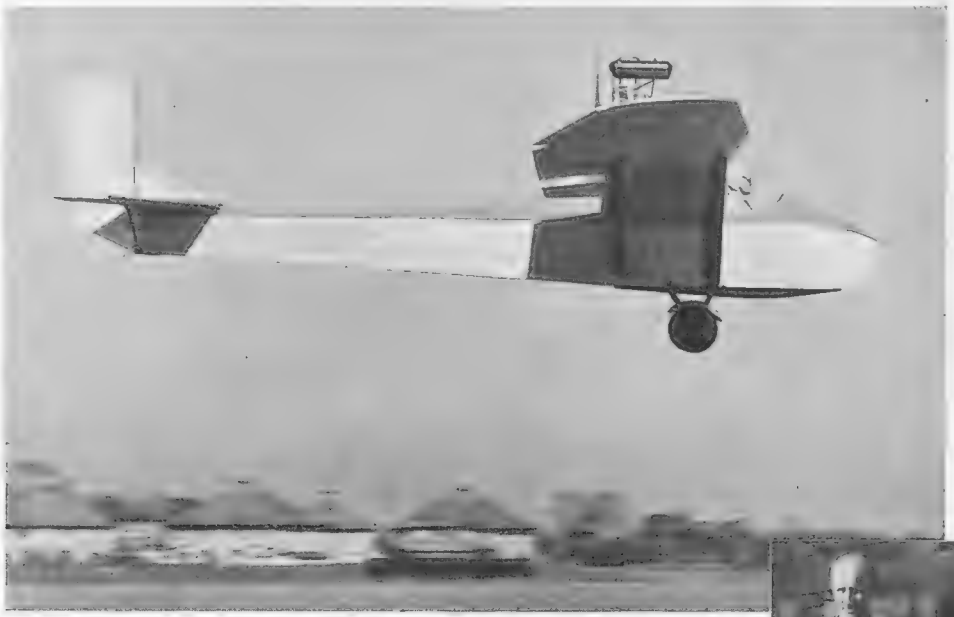
Made specially to prevent sore throats

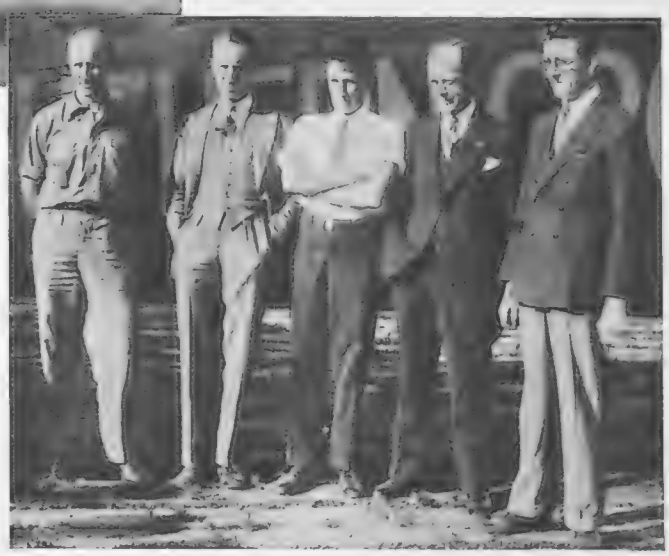
Aviation Celebrates a Majority: By Capt. C. E. Ward

Twenty-One Years of Service Flying

THE Royal Flying Corps, which, with the Royal Naval Air Service, was merged into the R.A.F. during the late war, came into existence twenty-one years ago. The Central Flying School was started at Upavon, the forerunner of the Royal Aircraft Establishment came into being at Farnboro', and a few naval officers were permitted to acquire the art of flying at Eastchurch. I am reminded by Mr. C. G. Grey's reminiscences of those early days that I did an injustice to Short Brothers in a recent article by referring to their first aeroplanes, as distinct from flying-boats and seaplanes, as those now being built for Imperial Airways. The firm is identified so closely with marine aircraft design that I had forgotten that their earliest machines in those far-off days of 1912 were land aeroplanes. Even at the beginning of the present century, Short Brothers were aviators, their balloons being used by members of the Aero Club, which had been formed before heavier-than-air machines were a practical possibility. Having made amends to one set of pioneers, here is a correction in favour of another. Mr. Wallace Barr calls me to order in a matter of geography; the Cellon factory is situated at Kingston and not at Richmond, as stated on this page a week or so ago. Cellon dope has been used for the fabric of most of the machines delivered to the R.A.F. during the last few years. A note accompanying the Air Estimates for 1933 emphasises the increased number of flying hours between overhauls of what the Service calls "air-frames," which, being interpreted, means that the fabric, amongst other parts of the aeroplane, remains in good condition for much longer periods than formerly, and this is due in no small measure to technical improvements in Cellon dope.



Mr. Lowe-Wylde's "feather-plane" in its latest form and named the "Drone." Many improvements have been made on the original converted glider, which was useful in proving that there is a demand for the really cheap aeroplane now being built at Hanworth



Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith, second from the left, with the crew of the veteran "Southern Cross," with which he has completed his fourth crossing of the Tasman Sea, from New Zealand to Australia, in the record time of 13 hours

Night Landings at Heston

RECENT night landings at Heston with the aid of the Shadow-Bar Floodlight have included one of Hillman Airways' pilots at or about 3 a.m., whilst engaged on a press flight, and the Master of Sempill, from Brussels, at midnight to clear Customs. The light had to be dimmed for Colonel Sempill's landing owing to fog near the ground, this being the right precaution to take when such weather conditions exist. After the Grand National, Mr. Maurice Jackaman and one of the Hillman Fox Moths came in late, the former landing by previous arrangement with the aid of his own headlight to illuminate the ground. Modern aircraft are fitted with navigation lights as a matter of course, but a satisfactory headlight for emergency landings or for those at aerodromes which are not flood-lit has yet to be marketed. Mr. Jackaman's is built into the nose of the machine, and is really a special fitting for the Monospar.

News from the Tarmac

THE Tramp's Party at Brooklands was a most successful innovation for the many "vagabonds" from the School and Clubs in the neighbourhood. Captain Duncan Davis organised the affair. Mr. Roger Quilter brought his band, and hot dogs, with many other delicacies, were served round braziers in true "hobo" style. Flying times at Brooklands, Heston, and Hanworth have increased tremendously during the fine weather and, in fact, all schools report great activity. Arrangements have been made at Reading to hold an "At-Home" on May 27th, when the Ladies' Race for Lord Northesk's Cup will be flown. There is to be a dance at the club-house on Saturday next, April 8th. Two of the London club members, Mr. M. N. Mavrogordato and Mr. P. D. Wright, have made successful night flights for their "B" licences. Mr. Will Hay, one of the earliest London club members and a consistent pilot, has been visiting Stag Lane again.

The Guild of Pilots' Display

THE Secretary of State for Air will open the Civil Display organised by the Guild of Pilots for May 20th at Brooklands, and R.A.F. pilots will take part in an event which is the most important of its kind during the season. The Display Secretary is Mr. Noel Smith, to whom offers of assistance and applications for tickets should be addressed at the Guild's offices, 61, Cheapside. The proceeds are devoted to the Guild's Endowment Fund, which was started three years ago at the time that the late Sir Sefton Brancker became the first Master. The Guild has a membership of 254, and is representative of all that is best in the profession, the total number of commercial flying licences which are current being just over 300. The senior pilot is Captain H. Duncan Davis, of Brooklands, by virtue of the fact that his number, 22, is the oldest in use, having been issued at the beginning of May 1919. Nearly 6000 commercial licences have been issued, and only five appear in the double-figure class, the others, in addition to Captain Davis, being No. 37, held by Mr. A. G. Loton, of Blackburn's School at Brough; No. 54, held by Sir Alan Cobham; No. 74, by Captain Lankester-Parker, the test pilot for Short Brothers at Rochester; and No. 99, by Captain H. J. Horsey, who flies for Imperial Airways on their route from Brindisi to Alexandria.

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A number of demonstration boats lined up on the Exhibition opening day.

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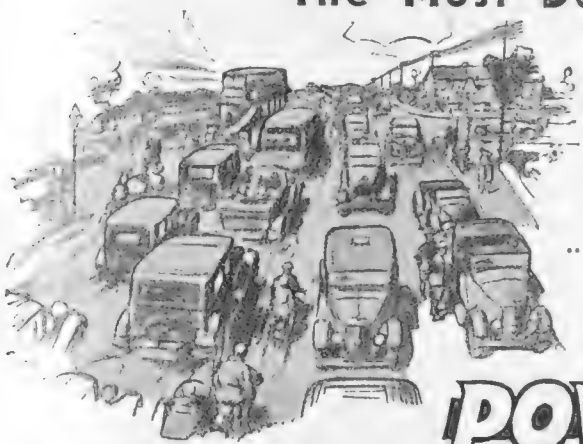
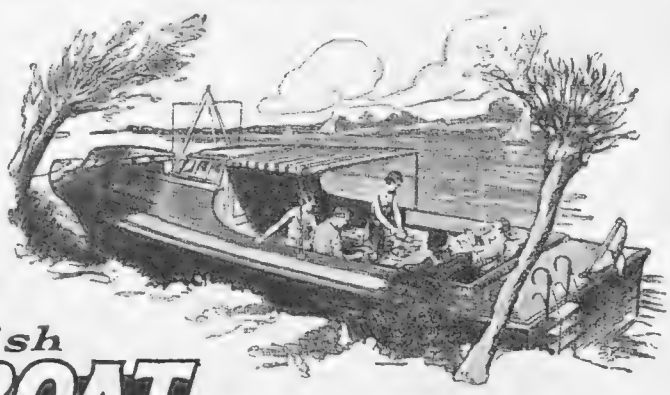


····AWAY FROM THE CROWDED ROAD TO····



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The rarest type of Balkan wolf, red, with white stripes along the lower jaws, in the Royal Zoo at Sofia. These animals, according to a correspondent, make good pets

The Doggy World

Pars. from My Post-Bag

By Lady Kitty Ritson

I HAVE received a most interesting letter from an American gentleman, who writes from Sofia, and who is kind enough to say that, while he enjoys my articles, he liked the one entitled "Wolves are Wonderful" best of all, and that, after twenty years of experience with wolves as pets, my remarks about them are entirely correct. Naturally, I am very pleased about this, as I have always been frightfully interested in them.

This gentleman (I will not repeat his name without his permission) says that he had four young wolves as pets, one of the red type, and another of the blue type, the rarest in Bulgaria. They were brought to the house by the peasants in their pockets, and in less than a year they would leap out of their yard and play with Alsatians and children in the big square.

He mentions one particularly interesting fact, and that is that in America he had a half-dog, half-coyote cross. When he went out riding she would disappear and then reappear at his destination, even if it were twenty miles away. But what interests me is that this bitch, when mated with a pure-bred dog, produced lovely animals, but that when mated again with a cross-breed, she had nervous puppies difficult to handle. Now I wonder whether this was not due to the two cross-matings! Probably, if mated to a pure wolf, she would have had good puppies, just as she did when crossed with a pure dog.

I FIND that Alsatians (who are always reputed to have wolf blood in them) lack many of the lupine characteristics, particularly that of orientation, while the Spitz tribe have it to a marked degree. A Spitz dog will behave in exactly the same manner as the coyote-dog-cross and will not follow you, but will turn up again when least expected, but an Alsatian seems to be bewildered when lost.

Frankly, I don't like Alsatian-wolf crosses, but I do like gun-dog or hound-wolf crosses. (By hound I don't mean foxhound.) I knew a most charming bull-terrier-wolf cross which was an excellent "lead" dog. But for any wolf-blooded dog you must have facilities for exercising the animal in large grounds, and such crosses should only be undertaken by people who understand something both about the particular subject and also about animal psychology.

A lady writes and asks me what she can do to liven up her dog, which appears very dull, although not ill in any way. Well, at this time of year and in this sunny weather, I do think that house-kept dogs which have spent all the winter lazing in the house should be turned out of doors as much as possible. It acts as a tonic and a marvellous nerve-restorer. The smallest garden will suffice, and if you provide a sack for the dog to lie on, it can come to no harm.

Sunshine is health, and, for the last two weeks, Susie and Alfred have not so much as seen the inside of a room. Result—shining coats and enormous appetites. If you have no garden, can't you put the dog in a sunny room with an open window? It will do him no harm if he is chained to a cupboard or something which will allow him to lie in or out of the sun as he wishes.

Sport with the Lid Off *(Continued from page 39)*

I am looking forward to seeing these West Indians, and, in particular, to watching Hedley, their crack batsman. Only the other day I was talking to a man who has played a considerable amount of cricket in the West Indies, and who tells me that Hedley really is an amazing player. Certainly his record, both in the West Indies against English touring teams and in Australia, suggests that he is a batsman of the highest class, though I wonder how he will fare on the softer English wickets.

My friend tells me that he has watched him playing on matting, and that he appears to be perfectly at ease against a turning ball. It will certainly add very much to the interest of the West Indian tour if Hedley comes up to expectations. Incidentally, the tourists will, I am afraid, be at a considerable disadvantage. They are keen and enthusiastic, without doubt, but in the West Indies they are not accustomed to playing cricket day in and day out throughout the summer. Their games take place on Saturday afternoons, and it will be something of a strain for them to undertake the strenuous programme which has been arranged for them.

R. H. Twining and F. T. Mann, who played for the County Cricketers against Rye at Rye

J. MacBryan, one of the County Cricketers, and G. Marsden (Rye) going to the first green. The match was won by Rye

There is also, I gather, some doubt whether Constantine will be able to represent them in all three Test Matches, since his engagement with Nelson, the Lancashire league club, may make it difficult for him to get away. This would be a great pity from every point of view, and spectators would certainly greatly regret Constantine's absence.

I MUST just add a note about the death of Lionel Palairet, who occupied so high a place in the esteem of cricket lovers. He was a master of orthodox forward play, and those who saw him playing fast bowlers and off-driving them with his own lovely grace, will always remember him as one of the best types of amateur batsmen. I only wish it were possible to name his successor in modern cricket.

ONE more point—I am disturbed by the fact that the policy of substitutes for injured players in New Zealand Rugby football has been recognised. I cannot help feeling that the power to bring a substitute on to the field for an injured player is open to all manner of abuses. It would be possible, for instance, for a three-quarter who happened to be off his game to be ordered by his captain to feign injury, so that another might be tried in his place. Perhaps you will tell me that this is far-fetched, but I am none the less very strongly against the principle of substitutes, and I hope we will never hear a suggestion that it should be adopted in this country.

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The K. & P. Shirt is the dearest branded ready-for-wear shirt on the market—but is genuinely worth the extra price.

It is tailored cut and shaped to the figure. Has a special shaped yoke. Back is gathered, not pleated, to ensure freedom of shoulder movement. Three fittings to a size. Semi-stiff either T.T. or Polo collar without unsightly appearance of white backing.

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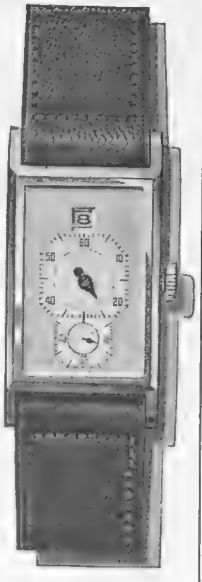

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With aperture for hours and revolving discs for the minutes and seconds.
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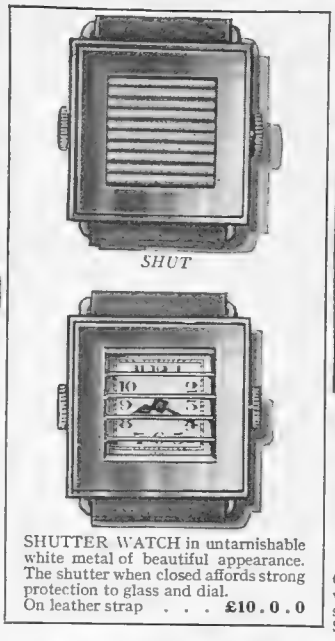

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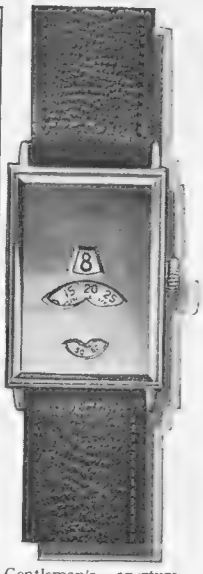

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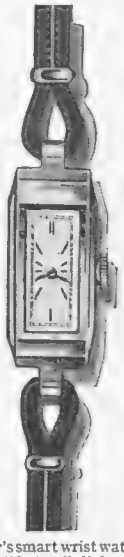
Stainless steel **£5.0.0**



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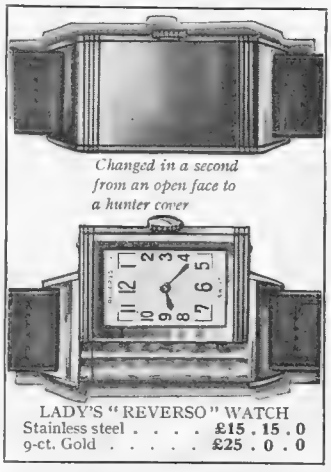

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Greyhound Racing: By "White Citizen"

I HAVE just had an experience which is quite new to me. I have recently become the owner of certain dogs which race on greyhound racing tracks, and I went down to visit them at Northaw, where they are training. I have to confess to a feeling of importance which I have never noticed about myself before, but the first dog to which I was introduced as its owner put me in my proper place at once. It had one glance at me which cheered me, since there appeared to be a glint of interest in its eye. It looked away, however, almost at once. It was too polite, too well brought up at Northaw actually to curl its lip, yet I have no doubt that in the privacy of its kennel, later in the day, it said exactly what it thought of me to its stable companion. And yet I want you to believe that, in spite of its reception, I felt grand as I looked at that racing dog, a mass of perfectly trained sinew and muscle, and realised that it was my own.

I turned to the trainer and started to discuss the future, whether the dog should be entered for a classic race or not. The trainer gave me his views, and at his voice the dog seemed to take an interest. On one point I disagreed, and as I said so the dog yawned. I am now doubtful about that vaunted intelligence of greyhounds.

I WAS then taken to another part of the training establishment and shown the saplings which are to run in my name later on, when they are old enough to see a track. These dogs, in their inexperience, were quite different. They were actually very pleased to see me. They were allowed out of their kennel, and they romped about the paddock and seemed to show an appreciation of my attempts to amuse them. I made great friends with these, but at the back of my mind I could not help wondering whether success on the track would also go to their heads and make them regard their unfortunate owner with that supreme contempt which had been noticeable in the case of the well-known dog to which I have previously been referring.

Lady Weymouth making friends with one of her greyhound puppies at the Northaw Kennels

ALL this is personal and may not interest my readers, but I have written it for a particular reason. There is no doubt at all that it is really tremendously good fun to own your own dogs: not merely in order to go down and feel important at the training establishment; not merely in order to go down to the track and feel important there as well, but actually in the added personal interest which it gives to you when you are at the track watching the racing. You study the form carefully, far more carefully than you would otherwise, attempting to be unbiased and to get a fair outlook on the chances of your dog. Naturally, this is always impossible, and you back it just the same, but it adds to the excitement and the fun, and to those who do not own dogs, but are interested in greyhound racing, I would suggest that their interest could greatly be increased by the purchase of even one dog to race in their name. The cost of a good dog is not prohibitive when the prizes to be won are considered, and the cost of keeping it in absolutely fit condition, trained to the last hare, is really very little considering what you get for it: it is only one pound a week at Northaw.

And They Thought He'd Never Marry

So many charming girls had failed to attract him, that people said he'd never marry. Then he met this girl. She had read the "Fascinating Womanhood" books—those remarkable new books which show how any woman can attract and win the love of almost any man she chooses by understanding simple principles of human nature.

You, too, can have these books explaining how to apply these principles of masculine psychology. You, too, can enjoy the worship and adoration of the masculine sex and be the radiant bride of the man of your choice.

Cut out this advertisement, write your name and address on the margin, and post it to us with two 1½d. stamps (abroad 6d). By return post we will send you privately and without the slightest obligation, our latest 24-page booklet giving an interesting synopsis of the "Fascinating Womanhood" books. It contains many things you have always wanted to know. Send your application TO-DAY.

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that combines complete figure control with perfect comfort

This new Twilfit step-in Girdle entirely eliminates the disadvantages of an ordinary elastic belt. It is rigid where firmness is necessary, over the abdomen, and pliant wherever and in whatever direction elasticity is required, at the back and sides.

It is made from Peach Elastic Brocade, that will not split even at the seams. This girdle is extraordinarily light, weighing only 7½ ounces, and will wash perfectly. Fastens at side with hooks and eyes. Sizes 24 to 30 inches.

27/6

POST FREE

When ordering ask for Model 01979 BY.

Features of this wonderful new model!

The Brocaded Rubber panel at back is made to stretch downwards only, to prevent riding up, while the panels at side stretch sideways. This girdle gives complete comfort at all times, ***it is practically impossible for it to "ride-up,"*** yet the rigid front keeps the figure always under control.

The small illustrations show the rigid panels in white; of course the whole corset is carried out in the same peach brocaded design as in the larger illustration.

All Twilfit Corsets are made in England and Fully Guaranteed.

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A very attractive Hat in a new, beautifully light straw called "Rajah"; the crown is given a squarish appearance by a deep tuck.
In natural, grége, white, and many other colours 30/-
Sent on Approval.

A charming straw Hat featuring the very new folded crown effect obtained by a clever tuck.
In all natural shades and many delightful Spring colours 21/9
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THE EASTER MILLINERY DISPLAY

INTRIGUING new creations now await you in the Millinery Salons at Marshall & Snelgrove's. The Easter Display—always outstanding in the World of Fashion—is this year even more attractive than usual. An early visit is suggested.

The two models sketched above are from the ground floor Hat Salons

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The Gentle Art of being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

THE MASK AND THE FACE.

An Anti-Wrinkle Mask of Cream which Refreshes and Rejuvenates in the Short Space of Twenty Minutes.

YOU may be young and unlined, justly proud of your youthful beauty and clear-cut contour. But are there not moments when, after a series of late nights and strenuous days perhaps, you have a trifle of misgiving when you face the mirror to make your toilet for yet another party? . . . The trace of a frowning wrinkle between the brows, a slight look of fatigue, shadows, if not lines, about your eyes?

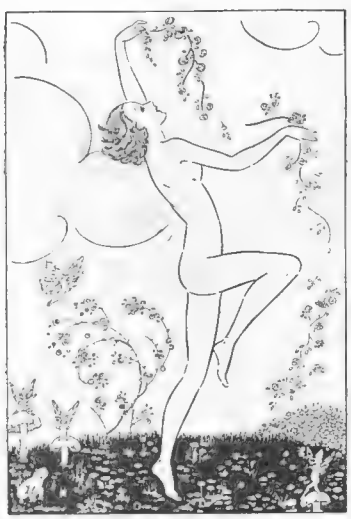
Or you may be not quite so young, and the fine lines under your eyes are already perceptible, the threat of wrinkles from nose to mouth is depressing. You are perhaps, frankly, no longer young. When you are rested or have had an exhaustive beauty treatment you look ten years less than your age, but at other times there is no disguising the fact that the years are playing havoc with your beauty.

Whatever your age or circumstances, a quick and effective beauty refresher and wrinkle-eliminating treatment is a boon, especially when it does not necessitate a lengthy and expensive *séance* at the beauty specialist's.

ONE of the best and most effective beauty "pick-me-ups" is the cream wrinkle mask which Phyllis Earle, Ltd., 32, Dover Street, have now put on the market. At first it was necessary to go to the Salons for this mask treatment, but it has proved so successful and so popular that they are now making the cream in sufficient quantities to be able to sell it to their clients in pots costing half-a-crown, each containing enough cream for two masks. It is perhaps most effective when used after the special facial massage given at the Phyllis Earle Beauty Salons, because the muscles, tissues, and circulation have then been stimulated and toned up, and are more receptive to the mask treatment, but its action is independent and the mask cream can be used at home with good results without any preliminaries.

The method is to spread the waxy cream smoothly and evenly all over the face. As it dries, it hardens, and in so doing tightens up the skin and smooths out wrinkles. At the end of twenty minutes it should be removed with warm water, and it then leaves the face marvellously smooth and unlined. It can be used on *any* type of skin without the slightest fear of irritation. It does not stretch the skin and has none of the disadvantages of some of the gritty and drying mud masks. This cream mask contains ingredients which are stimulating, nourishing and tonic. It makes no claim to being a complexion treatment: its sole office is the elimination of wrinkles and the restoration of freshness and contour, and this it undoubtedly does accomplish.

AS a student of and believer in Beauty Culture, I know the value, both preventive and restorative, of an occasional mask treatment, but I know of none so efficacious and at the same time so easy to use and with such rapid results. There is always a slight danger about home beauty treatments, but the Phyllis Earle Wrinkle Cream Mask really is "fool-proof" and, if anyone should have any doubts about its use, full instructions can be obtained, or one treatment at the Salons will prove its effectiveness and serve as a demonstration of how exactly it should be applied.



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Nowadays one must be perfectly *soignée* to be really chic—hair in perfect condition, skin well cared for. To-day these are as important to a smart woman as the clothes she wears—qualities which she must possess to attain real chic.

Nothing is more ageing than prematurely greyed hair, and until recently few things were more difficult to combat. The woman of taste disliked the idea of hair dyes because they were hard and artificial in effect, yet there was no other treatment available.

Now science has discovered a way to bring back the colour and gloss to faded hair by natural methods. That not only restores the colour, but tones up the scalp and promotes the growth of new hair—that re-creates naturally your hair's real colour and beauty from root to tip, no matter how long the greyness has existed.

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The Editor's Box

A President to a President

Sir Edward Iliffe, the President of the Association of British Chambers of Commerce, in a letter to Major the Hon. J. J. Astor, President of the Advertising Association, welcoming wholeheartedly the Advertising and Marketing Exhibition to be held at Olympia in July, says: "It is the large and consistent advertisers who are to-day successfully weathering the storm, and your Association is doing some good work in bringing home that truth. The functions of advertising are so manifold . . . that it is difficult to generalise . . . to welcome the Exhibition from any particular point of view. I think, however, that the Exhibition will do much to enhance public confidence in advertising . . . to spread the truth that advertising is far and away the greatest aid to reduction in the cost of living. As I see it, Olympia in July will be a practical attempt to approach still closer the solution of the problems of distribution. . . . We shall all learn something from it, and we shall all be able to profit by the knowledge acquired there. Of that I have no doubt whatever."

The Connoisseur's Chair—A "Foot" Model

A really comfortable—that is to say, an adjustable—chair for the invalid, or merely for the tired business man or woman, is a necessity. Foot's patent model, of which there are various styles, can be adjusted to any position with hardly any effort, and soft elastic spring edges to the upholstery add to the luxurious comfort guaranteed by these chairs, which may be obtained for £28

Ideal Dinner-Parties

One of the most interesting features of the *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia is the series of rooms arranged by Mayfair hostesses for "the ideal dinner-party." Decorations, the arrangement of the tables, and even a suggested list of guests have been thought out to the last detail by such experts in these matters as Lady Londonderry, Lady Mount Temple, and Baroness d'Erlanger. "Commonsense Kitchens," another section of the Exhibition, lays the foundation, as it were, for these "ideal" parties, and here the combined efficiency and pleasant, spacious atmosphere of the modern kitchen can be seen at its best.

The Gourmet

Conducted by Emilia

DÎNER

Saumon

TAKE as many slices as required of salmon, not quite an inch thick, and lay them in a marinade composed of oil, salt, lemon-juice, and herbs for an hour. Then place the slices of salmon on an oiled gridiron, and broil over a clear fire or grill. Serve with the following: *Sauce Piquante.* Make some mayonnaise sauce, and add a little French mustard, a few chopped gherkins, a teaspoonful of anchovy essence, and a small quantity of chopped spring onion.

Cotelettes de Veau à la Milanese

CUT about 1½ lb. of veal into small cutlets, trim them neatly, and put them into a stew-pan with one shallot, one clove of garlic, and ¼-lb. of butter. When nearly browned, draw the pan to the side of the fire, and allow to stew gently for half an hour. Then take them out of the pan and put in to the butter one tablespoonful of tomato sauce and half a pint of gravy. Let this simmer till reduced; when thick enough, put back the cutlets and allow to stew for another quarter of an hour. Have ready some cooked macaroni, place it in the centre of a dish, arrange the cutlets around and pour the sauce over.

Epinards à la Crême

WASH well and boil 2 lb. of spinach till tender, chop it very fine and rub it through a coarse wire sieve; season with pepper and salt. Stir over the fire in a stewpan till warm, then put in 2 oz. of butter, a little castor sugar, and a gill of cream. Stir over the fire for five minutes, and press into a shape, turn it out, and garnish with small fried croûtons.

Brioche à la Parisienne

SCOOP out the inside of a brioche cake and keep this hot. Decorate the outside with some "hundreds and thousands." Meanwhile prepare and cut up any fruit to taste such as peaches, bananas, grapes, pineapple, etc. Boil the fruit up in a sugar syrup flavoured with maraschino; put it back in the cake, replace the top and serve very hot.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* THE BYSTANDER *for the current week.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2. *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

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Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

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Ladies' NORTHERN FOURSOMES

(11th Year)

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The Bystander headquarters will be **The Prince of Wales Hotel,** Harrogate, on bus route to Moortown. Inclusive terms for not less than three days, rooms, baths, breakfast and dinner, 14/- inner rooms, 15/- front rooms. With lunch and tea, 17/6 and 18/6. Free garage to residents.

Granby Hotel, Harrogate. Hotel bus available to connect with Moortown bus. Inclusive terms, meals, baths, rooms, and after-dinner coffee, 14/6 per head. With lunch and tea, 18/6 per head.

Queen Hotel, Harrogate. Rooms, baths, breakfast and dinner, 15/- per head, or 12/6 without dinner. With all meals, 18/-.

Lion House Private Hotel, West Park, Harrogate, on bus route. Full board residence, £3 3s. per week or 12/6 per day, including baths and after-dinner coffee. Partial board, 9/- per day.

Queen's Hotel, Leeds. Inclusive terms, all meals, room, baths, and after-dinner coffee, 22/- per day or 17/6 without lunch or tea.

Buses every fifteen minutes to and from Harrogate to Moortown: time, 36 minutes; fare, 2/3 return. Leeds to Moortown ditto: time, 12 minutes; fare, 8d. return.

"The Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes, 1933, will be held at Moortown, near Leeds, by kind invitation April 25th, and following days.

Holders: MISS BERYL BROWN and MRS. BARBOUR.

"Bystander" Northern Foursomes N. P. F. A. Competition (2nd Year)

Holder of Challenge Trophy: MISS ESTHER BLACK.

In conjunction with THE BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes, a Score Competition, open only to entrants for the Foursomes, will be held by the courtesy of the Club at Sand Moor G. C., adjoining Moortown, for the Challenge Trophy kindly presented by Mrs. Dunlop Hill. Two shillings entrance for the first card, 1s. for each subsequent card. The whole of these fees will be sent to the N.P.F.A., 25% to the Yorkshire West Riding Branch if the total exceeds £10.

The Trophy will be given for the best card, singles, 18 holes under handicap, returned by a competitor who has been beaten prior to the semi-finals, or who entered for the Foursomes and was put on the waiting list. A scratch prize will also be given.

Competitors may take out and return as many cards as they wish from Tuesday, April 25th, to Friday, April 28th, inclusive. Cards to be returned by 6 o'clock on the Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, and by 12.30 p.m. on the Friday.

Play under certified L.G.U. handicaps. The first card taken out each day counts as an L.G.U. Open Meeting score for reduction of handicap, which will take effect for subsequent rounds.

Ties to be decided on the last nine holes; further ties on the last six, last three, or as the Golf Editor and the Hon. Sec., Sand Moor G. C., may decide.

MOORTOWN NO ENTRANCE FEE

"THE BYSTANDER" LADIES' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (Eleventh Year)

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Friday, April 7th.

"The Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes—Moortown, near Leeds, on April 25th, 1933, and following days.

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home address.....

Telephone number.....

To play in the above handicap foursomes with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home address.....

Telephone number.....

Please notify change of partner, handicap, or address, to Miss Helme, as above, or after April 22nd to Prince of Wales Hotel, Harrogate. Telegrams: Helme Elegance Harrogate. Tel.: 4676 Harrogate.

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Photograph by Shaw Wildman

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Chique

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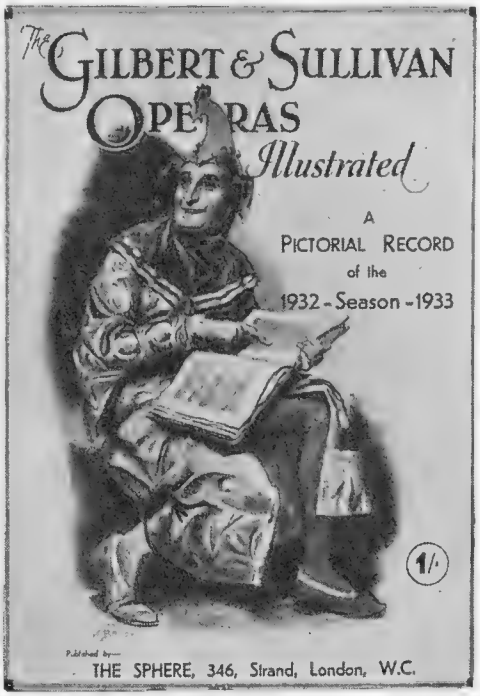

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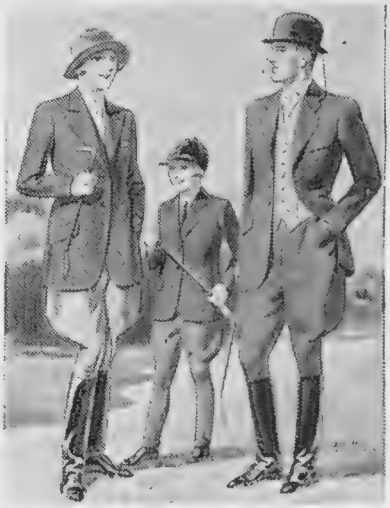

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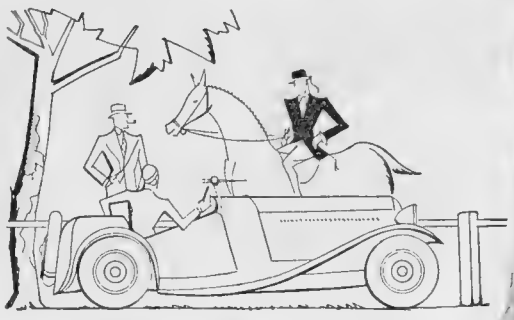

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